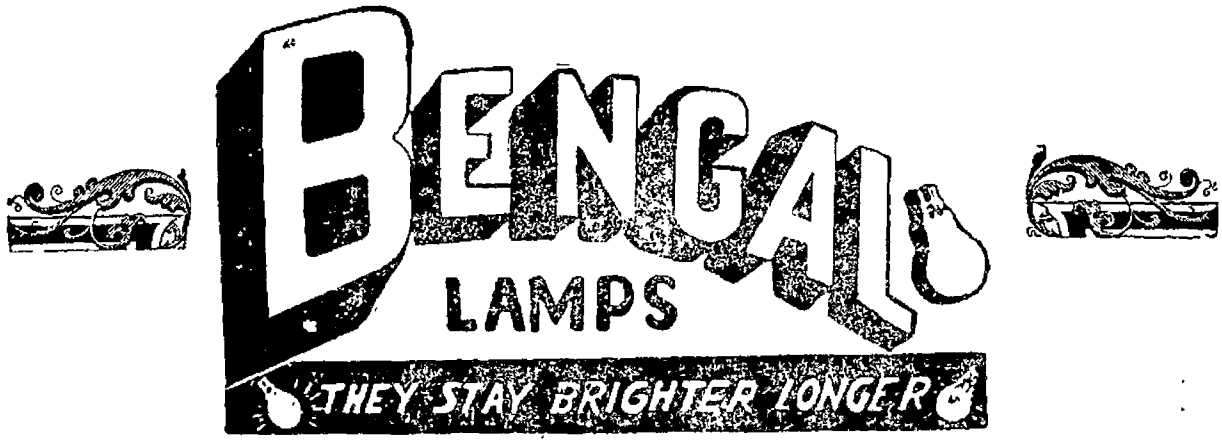

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Registered No. M. 4359.

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A Weekly

for the intelligent man, devoted to a rationalistic survey of all matters of Public interest, in the economic, commercial, and literary fields.

Proprietor & Editor : G. R. JOSYER, M.A., F.R.E.S.

VOL XVI No. 18] Monday 13—2—1956 [PRICE 0—1—6.

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COURTING IN SIBERIA

Is Siberia too cold for courting? It may be, ecause not so long ago if a Russian wanted wife he just went and bought her straight off the ice." That cut out any silly, chilly ourting on the frozen steppes.

Wife-purchase on a grand scale was witessed y a traveller through Siberia in the 'twenties.

He reported that three sturdy young brothers vho had inherited their father's farm systematically drew up a list of parents whom they new possessed lovely daughters. They chose he most likely household and set out one norning, each bearing a bag of money.

They were greeted by a tall man. "You vould like to see my daughters, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied the young men. "We want hree pretty wives."

A curtain was drawn aside and six graceful girls were seen, busy at household tasks, but vearing the most attractive clothes.

One by one the girls walked past the young nen so that they could make their selection.

Then there was a slight hitch. The dark beauty of one of the daughters attracted all hree wife-seekers. An obvious way out of he difficulty—allowing the girl to choose her husband—did not occur to them.

Instead, the young men eagerly drew lots vhile the girls looked on. The winner at once began bargaining with the girls' father and inally bought the loveliest daughter for 650 roubles.

The two others chosen were sold for 450 roubles and a number of head of sheep and cattle apiece. Drinks all round and much handshaking concluded the transaction. The three "runners-up" disappointedly returned to their household chores while their sisters began preparations for the triple wedding. And as it turned out, every one of the marriages proved outstandingly successful!

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First, you must work hard—very hard. Second, possess the vision to see and seize an opportunity the moment it arises. You *must* realize the value of prompt action in putting your plans into effect, says Miss Frankfurt.

If you stumble...and you probably will—you must have the will to stick at it. Never give up. You'll win through.

Once you have charted your course, she points out, put aside unimportant ventures and concentrate on the Big Idea. In her own words: "You must set your sights on your objective, and keep them there."

Doesn't sound really difficult, does it? But you must have complete faith in yourself, and you must realize from the start that success means more than making money.

MOTHER TONGUE

"Why is our language called the mother tongue?" asked young John of his dad.

"Because father never gets a chance to use it," was the reply.

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The Manager,
"Rationalist", Mysore.

A JUDGE ON HINDUISM

"Broad-minded tolerance, not only of the diverse creeds and ways of life among Hindus, but also of the alien faiths like Christianity and Islam, has been a unique feature of the Hindu religion. It is to be hoped that with the reinvigoration of a true Hindu spirit and a renovation of its crumbling values among the people, the present unfortunate phase will pass and our traditional Hindu sense of unity will reassert itself." Thus observed Mr. M. Patanjali Sastri, former Chief Justice of India, recently, delivering the inaugural address at the Hindu Leaders' Conference.

Mr. Sastri said that it was gratifying to note that the leaders of important sections of the Hindu community of Travancore-Cochin had assembled here in a conference to devise ways and means of promoting and propagating the Hindu faith, to strengthen it by elimination of certain outmoded customs and practices, and to establish an organisation for achieving these objectives. They had started their endeavours not a day too soon. It was well-known that the hold of Hinduism over the minds of its followers was loosening day by day. The faith Hindu *dharma* and all it implied was waning, and its influence on our daily lives and activities was weakening. The Hindu community now stood divided into numerous castes and subcastes and sects based rigidly on birth, vocation and narrow-minded creeds. Unfortunately, the Vedas which were the oldest Scriptures in the world had ceased to be the objectives of study.

Mr. Sastri referred to the organisation of the Arya Samaj by Swami Dayananda Saraswathi, a great spiritual personality of deep learning and far-sightedness and vision, with a passionate faith in the teachings of the Vedas, and added that this organisation had spread, from small beginnings, all over the Punjab, and its followers to-day numbered many lakhs, who formed a well-knit community. He thought it relevant to mention this, so that this conference might draw some inspiration and guidance in its efforts to organise a movement of reform and consolidation in conformity with the fundamental doctrines and tenets of Hindu faith, eliminating its superstitions and other breaking down fossilised customs and practices, with a view to making religion more acceptable to the modern educated mind with its scientific temper, and thereby achieving unification of the Hindu community.

Mr. Sastri added that he agreed that untouchability should be rooted out. Their Constitution had set its face sternly against this pernicious custom, and their Parliament had recently implemented the provisions of the Constitution by enacting that the observance of untouchability in any form was a criminal offence. It had out-grown its usefulness and could not fit into modern social and economic condition of life. It seemed to him, however, that not much would be gained by a talk of the use of legislation or even too frequent admonition for rooting out caste-ism. The would-be reformers, however, must take care that in washing the bathtub, the baby was not thrown away. While the caste system might well be thrown over-board, our religious and spiritual ideals and values which the system helped to develop in the course of ages and which were our precious and distinctive heritage should not be thrown away.

A movement for reform and consolidation, he said, would require the inspiration and driving force of a great spiritual personality, who, by his learning and saintly character, commanded the reverence and adherence of enlightened men as well as common folk. India, being a Secular State in the sense that it did not support any religion, and any authority based on religious tradition being out of the question, the proposed organisation

(*Continued on page 6.*)

The Rationalist

REPUBLIC DAY

(*Continued from previous issue.*)

Presiding over the Republic Day celebrations of the Hindi Prachara Sabha, Mysore, Sri G. R. Josyer further observed that the occasion was one of rejoicing as the anniversary of the end of foreign domination in India.

From the time of Alexander's invasion 2275 years ago many foreigners had attempted invasion of India. In 1193 Mahomed Gori defeated Prithvi Raj and Pathan rule was established in the country. Since then the Slave, Khilji, Toglakh, Syed and Lodi Dynasties Mogul Rule, Portugese, French and English had held sway over the country for 8 centuries.

That had now come to an end and the country had attained independence.

But we should not imagine that independence was something unknown to India, and that we had attained it for the first time. In our history, which is not 3000 or 3500 years old as timid historians and groping archaeologists say, but Seven Manvantaras old, as all ancients have declared,—each Manvantara meaning 43 lakhs 20 thousand years,—totalling to over 260 crores of years, the nation has enjoyed vast periods of independence with various forms of Government, ranging from absolute monarchy to limited democracy. The names of Manu, Mandhata, Sagara, Bali, Shibi, Nahusha, Yayati, Bhageeratha, Dileepa, Ambareesha, Rukmangada, Janamejaya, Kartaveerya, Vikramarka, Shalivahana, Bhoja, and others, have flowed down to us from the Himalayas of our unknown history.

A western historian has confessed, "Though degraded and abased, yet we cannot doubt that there was a time when the Hindu race was splendid in arts and arms, happy in Government, wise in legislation, and eminent in knowledge." Another writer admits, "The ancient state of India must have been one of extraordinary magnificence."

One of the earliest editions of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, observes,

"Hindustan has from the earliest ages been celebrated as one of the most highly favoured countries on the globe, and as abounding in the choicest productions both of nature and art." An Arab historian, Abdulla Wasuf declares, "India, according to the concurrent opinion of all writers, is the most agreeable abode on the earth, and the most pleasant quarter of the world."

Over 80 years ago the Edinburgh Review wrote, "The Hindu is the most ancient nation of which we have valuable remains, and has been surpassed by none. The further our literary enquiries are extended the more vast and stupendous is the scene which opens to us."

Pliny, the Roman historian writes of 154 kings who ruled for 6451 years before Alexander. Abul Fazl gives a list of rulers who reigned for 4109 years. Megasthenes writes that Indian kings ruled for 6042 years before Chandragupta.

We are told that in ancient India, owing to the high ethical and spiritual development of the people, they were not over-governed. They enjoyed the greatest individual freedom compatible with national cohesion and national security. Each Hindu township always was a particular community or petty republic by itself. The whole of India is nothing more than one vast congeries of such republics!" They wrote with admiration, "Every Indian is free!"

To-day, every Indian is becoming less and less free.

With regard to their election rules, "one who possessed honest earnings, whose mind was pure, and who had not been on the committees for the last 3 years, was to be chosen. One who had been on the committees but had not submitted accounts, and all his relations, could not have their names on the voting slip."

That is far in advance of what we have today.

Thus, Mr. Josyer said, independence and democracy were not new to India. We had them even in a fuller measure than we have now. Neither in point of freedom nor in point of the working of democracy had we reached the level of old. Therefore the people may well take lessons from the past in point of both, and avoid making independence a sham and democracy a fiasco.

With the proposing of a vote of thanks to the Chair, and the singing of the National Anthem, the pleasant function came to a close.

THE INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY

Stockholm
30-1-56

"The Rector at the International
Academy of Sanskrit Research,
Mysore, India.

I have read in some papers about a book named "Vymanika Shastra" which you should have found among old writings.

I herewith want to ask you if you can give me further notices about the work.

Hearing from you with the greatest interest.

I am,

Yours Sincerely,
Henry Kjellson.
Colonel, Civil Engineer.
Gumshornsgatan.
Stockholm. Sweden.

The English might appear strange to our readers. It is Swedish English, not Indian English. Ten years hence our English also might become the same. But it is admirable that a Swedishman should write with so much enlightened understanding.

The letter shows how the small efforts of humble individuals, if touched with the magic wand of God, can loom large before the eyes of the world. The International Academy of Sanskrit Research, not backed by any University, not sponsored by any opulent Government, but by a humble individual with no resources except faith in God, has reached the ears of the distant capitals of the world, and attained fame unrivalled by any other Research Institute of India however magniloquent.

Stockholm is the hub of the civilized world, as being the home-town of the Nobel Prizes. And that one of its respectable citizens should seek to address this humble institution on an out of the way road in this out of the way town, can only be due to the grace of God.

Also it shows that foreigners have more faith in the ancient greatness of India than Indians themselves. It is an irony that it should be so. It shows how low and uncivilized and contemptible our high-placed men are. They however enjoy their life, pile their wealth, and go down to obloquy! God forgive them!

THE MAYOR'S WISDOM

The Mayor of Kandy, Ceylon, was annoyed for weeks, by the noise of a helicopter hovering over Kandy. It was taking part in an advertising stunt, and was causing huge traffic jams as citizens stopped to gaze sky-wards.

The Mayor knew the area of his jurisdiction on the ground, but how high above it did his influence extend? Nobody knew. The problem worried him for some time. Eventually, a solution was found,—he now fines the pilot thirty shillings a time for "parking" over the town!

(*Continued from page 3.*)

must rely solely on the commanding spiritual power and saintliness of character of its head, which any democratic process could not help to secure.

On the other hand, Mr. Sastri, said the organisation would probably function more effectively if it was built on traditional lines as an *adhinam*, or a *matam* presided over by a *matadhipathi*, a type of organisation with which our people were familar. As was well-known, our *matams* were founded by great spiritual personalities who were revered as *acharyas* or *gurus* for the purpose of protecting and propagating the Hindu faith. These *acharyas* preached and inculcated the fundamental tenets of our faith among the people, who flocked to them in great numbers.

The danger to Hinduism to-day, he pointed out, was no less, though it now arose not so much from an attack by the followers of another faith, as by the impact of Western materialism which had dazzled our people by the spectacular progress of science and technology culminating in harnessing the mighty atom, not to mention the persistent vilification of our faith by some misguided persons within the Hindu fold. None of the *matadhipathies*, he was sorry to say, was taking any serious steps to counteract the mischief.

Mr. Sastri further said that it would perhaps be an advantage if the conference decided to invite a *sanyasi* of great learning and piety, preferably the head of the Sringeri Mutt or Kanchi Kamakoti Peetam, who commanded the reverence of millions of Hindus all over the country, to establish a religious organisation at a suitable place in the State, and instal one of his disciples possessing the necessary qualifications as its head. His headquarters might be appropriately, Kalady, the holy birthplace of Adi Sankara. Whatever religious organisation was brought into existence as a result of the deliberations of the conference, it would be well if it had, attached to it as a subsidiary, an Institute for Theological Studies and Research. It would be the function of the Institute, in addition to instructing *archakas* in our *agama shastras* and training them in the art and technique of temple worship, to undertake a careful study of Veda *Samhitas* on modern analytical lines, with the help of old commentaries and Vedic lexicons, with a view to ascertaining and publishing the basic truths of the Vedic religion. It could also sponsor the compilation of a primer on Hinduism in the regional language, presen ing in easily understandable terms the central truths of the Hindu religion and philosophy in a manner acceptable to all sections of the Hindu community.

Mr. Sastri concluded with an ancient prayer from the *Rig Veda*, which was a clarion call for the union of hearts and minds, and was singularly pertinent to the present-day social life. It said: "Get together; talk together; may your minds see eye to eye, common be your deliberations, unanimous your conclusions, uniform your thought, common be your intention, may your hearts beat in unison, may you all be of the same mind, so that there may be complete union among you."

Mr. Sastri said that this message was so remarkably apposite to the present occasion that it almost seemed as though the *Vedic Rishi* was addressing it to this conference across the centuries!

'HINDU MARRIAGE ACT 1955.

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WISDOM ALL THE WORLD OVER

He that rides a tiger can never dismount.—*Chinese proverb.*

A woman's tongue is three inches long, but it can kill a man six feet high.—*Japanese.*

Who answers suddenly, knows little.—*French.*

Love is like a diamond with a flaw in it: it is precious, but imperfect.—*Persian.*

In the desert all men are enemies, until they are proved to be friends.—*Arabian.*

Put your hand quickly to your hat, and slowly to your purse.—*Danish.*

Select your wife with your ears, rather than with your eyes.—*Russian.*

Love your neighbour, but don't pull down the fence.—*German.*

Don't play with eggs on a rock.—*Nigerian.*

We can't help the birds of sorrow flying over our heads, but we needn't let them nest in our hair.—*Indian.*

Patience is the key to joy.—*Turkish.*

He that is content with his poverty is wonderfully rich.—*Korean.*

Misfortune does not always come to injure.—*Italian.*

If someone betrays you once it's his fault; if he betrays you twice, it's your fault.
—*Rumanian.*

Praise a horse after a month, and a woman after a year.—*Czechoslovakian.*

Slander expires at a good woman's door.—*Spanish.*

He that wants health, wants everything.—*Dutch.*

The Rationalist

"MYSORE"

We promised to answer our esteemed correspondent's query about Mysore in the last issue, God willing.

Mysore is not ancient like Banaras, or Ayodhya, or Pataleeputra. Mysore State is not among the "Chhappannaru Deshas" of India. It ranks with Baroda, Gwalior, Indore, Bhopal, and Hyderabad. Its formal establishment as Mysore State with capital at Mysore, dates from 1799 when the British demarcated it as a State after Tippu's fall. The popularity of the name could only be since then, and not earlier.

There were no definite Mysore, or Mysore State, or Mysore Rulers before. The Viceroy of Vijayanagar governed from Seringapatam, and Raja Wadiyar took over from him in 1610, and since he and his successors ruled from Seringapatam, no one could have referred to it as Mysore State, from 1610 to 1799.

The place where Yaduraya established himself was Hadinaru. There was no Mysore.

Early in the 16th century, the place was known as Puragere, and it came to the share of Bola Chamaraja Wadiyar. A fort was built around it, and it was named Mahisha-oor, or Mahishur, from the place's traditional association with Mahishasura, to destroy whom Goddess Chamundeswari descended from heaven and remained deified on the nearby hills. Mahishur became anglicised in British mouths into Maisur, and Mysore.

Despite the wilderness, despite Puragere and Hadinaru, Mysore is thought by some to be a reincarnation of 'Mahishmati,' which Sahadeva visited during his expedition in the Mahabharata, and the "Mahishamandala" to which Ashoka sent missionaries in the 3rd century B.C. Inscriptions of 11th and 12th centuries refer to "Maisu-nad."

In the fifth century the State areas were split among the Ganga, Kadamba, and Pallava kings. There was no Mysore. In 750 A.D., the Gangas, Rashtrakutas, and Pallavas held sway, and there was no Mysore. In 1050 there were the Gangas, Hoysalas, Chalukyas, and Cholas. And no Mysore. During Hyder Ali and Tippu Sultan's time there was no "State of Mysore."

Mysore may be said to have assumed the Robe of State in 1799, when the British enthroned Sri Mummmadi Krishnaraja Wodiyar in Mysore, and made Seringapatam a military camp. The State has been in the public eye since then, for one reason or another.

Now, the Mysore Royalty is terminated, Mysore City is being divested of its institutions. And there is a whole geographical readjustment of the country as a whole on the linguistic basis. Baroda, Indore, Gwalior, Bhopal, Jodhpur, Jaipur, have all gone. Hyderabad is going. "Travancore-Cochin," ought to go. And what is there special about Mysore, except that it rhymes beautifully with eye-sore?

We hope we have answered the point raised by our valued reader.

Editor.

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The Manager,
"Rationalist", Mysore.

DELHI'S RIOTOUS EXPENDITURE

(*Continued from previous issue.*)

The report says that an officer of the Foreign Service drew advances for the purchase of motor cars on three occasions within a space of four years—from March 1948 to March 1952. The cars were sold each time without the prior approval of the Government, who afterwards regularised the deals by *ex post facto* sanctions. The first of these advances was drawn without sanction, and it was drawn in sterling by the officer's wife when the officer himself was stationed in India. The car itself was transfered to a relative of the officer and was not used by the officer for even a single day. There were various other "irregularities" in these transactions. It says that the same officer brought away with him a silver set from an embassy, and left behind his own inferior set. This incident indicates, the report adds, that inventories of Government property were not properly maintained although Government had issued instructions in June, 1950, that "all Government property should bear indelible, distinctive marks or should be branded so as to render inadvertent or fraudulent substitution impossible."

The report says that, on as many as nine occasions, a permanent officer of the Foreign Service, serving in various Indian missions abroad, withdrew Government funds to the extent of thousands of rupees in excess of the amounts which were ultimately found due to him. Some of these overdrafts had not been refunded in full at the time of the presentation of the audit report.

In one of the missions, an over-payment of Rs. 5,800 to a member of the locally recruited staff remained undetected in audit for over two years, as the member was being described wrongly as "India based" staff. The case has been under the consideration of Government for the last two years!

The report revealed that a second hand motor vessel of a Zamindar, lying in a dock-yard without a survey certificate, was purchased at a cost of Rs. 1,60,000 for service of national highways as a ferry steamer on the Brahmaputra. The expenditure on subsequent repairs on the vessel amounted to Rs. 65,710 but the vessel could not be operated! It was not known what action, if any, had been taken against the person responsible for this deal. The vessel was now awaiting disposal through the disposals organisation.

Investigation concluded in regard to an accounts officer in 1953 revealed a net total misappropriation of Government funds of Rs. 1,52,609 over a period of nine years, the report said!

The omission on the part of the Ministry of Food and Agriculture to take notice of a cheaper offer of rice has resulted in an extra expenditure of Rs. 2·57 lakhs! The Bombay firm whose higher offer was accepted by the Ministry was allowed the unusual facility of a letter of credit, although the contractor was an Indian national doing business in India. The audit report points out that this extraordinary procedure not only resulted in the grant of financial assistance to the firm but also was derogatory to the dignity and credit of the Government!

The same Ministry negotiated the framework of a contract with an electrical engineering firm for the construction of 1,000 tube wells in three States. The contract was to be signed between the firm and each of the States individually and each of the States was invited to accept the arrangement. The result of this arrangement was that all the three States entered into "cost-plus" contracts with the same firm, without the benefit

of competitive tenders. All the three States had to advance moneys without interest to the extent of Rs. 47·8 lakhs! Another consequence of entrusting such a large contract to the same firm was that in all the three States the originally stipulated date of completion could not be adhered to.

The accounts of the State Insurance Corporation have disclosed that office staff and accomodation for offices had been engaged at certain centres long in advance of the introduction of the scheme at those centres, resulting in an infructuous expenditure of over Rs. 1 lakh, the report says!

* * *

The report may as well be burnt, just as the officialdom burns money! Ed.

* * *

"Women have a passion for mathematics. They divide their ages by two, double the price of their dresses, treble their husband's salaries, and add five years to the ages of their best friends."

* * *

John Grimshaw Wilkinson, blind botanist, lost his sight when he was 23, but he learned to distinguish flowers by touching them with the tip of his tongue. He could name instantly each of 5000 specimens!

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VENUS TALKS TO US

Several strong radio signals from the planet Venus were detected at the radio observatory of Ohio State University during May.

The Ditector of the Observatory, Dr. John Craus, said this weekend it was the fitst time the planet had been heard from. It is more than 27 million miles from earth.

The signals were observed on each occasion for a period of several hours. They consisted of crackling sounds somewhat similar to radio atmospherics from thunderstorms on earth.

The signals might indicate similar storms on Venus, Dr. Kraus said. The planet often is called the earth's twin, since it is nearly the same size and comes closer than any other planet.

The observations were made with a radio telescope.

Dr. Kraus said Venus was at present approaching earth at a speed of 590,000 miles per day, and in the evening was the brightest object in the western sky.

He said by June 22, Venus would reach its point of nearest approach, 27 million miles and then start to recede.

The newly-discovered radio signals are being studied to learn more about atmospheric conditions surrounding Venus.

The planet was the second from which radio signals had been detected, Dr. Kraus said. The Carnegie institute of Washington D. C. picked up radio noises from Jupitor last year.

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INSTITUT HISTORIQUE ET HERALDIQUE DE FRANCE, FELLOW, MYSORE UNIVERSITY 1935-36
EDITOR: YAJURVEDA II VOLS. & RIGVEDA PADA; EDITOR "RATIONALIST.

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prietor & Editor : G. R. JOSYER, M.A., F.R.E.S.

OL XVI No. 37] Monday 16—7—1956 [PRICE 0—1—6.

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MEDICAL INSIGHT

The late Dr. Harold Beveridge Cushing, of Montreal's Children's Memorial Hospital, was one of those legendary figures who seemingly had the ability to diagnose instinctively.

One evening I admitted a very sick child to the emergency room. Not until I had meticulously examined the youngster twice and then verified my initial diagnosis by laboratory work did I, with a certain air of pride at my ability to spot my first case of diphtheria, return to the admitting office to order the removal of the child to a contagious-disease hospital. As I entered the office I was met by Dr. Cushing. "Have you a case of diphtheria?" he demanded.

"Why, yes," I stammered, "but how did you know?"

"I saw the ambulance at the door and so I put my head inside. I smelled diphtheria."

My time in making the diagnosis, one hour and 20 minutes; Dr. Cushing's time, four seconds!

The astuteness of Dr. Walter Alvarez as a medical detective was shown when he was handed a chest X-ray with no other information.

"It is a roentgenogram of a woman of about 50," Alvarez began at once; "rather tall thin, always frail, interested in sports, a Catholic. She has several children. In her youth she had pretty severe tuberculosis. She once had pneumonia with empyema. She was once thrown from a horse. She has high blood pressure with some arteriosclerosis, and she suffers at times from arthritis. She used to go shooting."

How did Alvarez know so much? He explained. In the film he could see the shadows of the breasts and the small size of the bones, so he knew that this was a woman. Calcification of the rib cartilages and deformities in two neck vertebrae indicated that she was over 40. The length of the thorax suggested that she was tall and thin; the narrow costal angle made by the ribs and cartilages as they spread from the lower end of the breastbone, that she was frail. The medal and chain round her neck bespoke Catholicism; her sagging breasts indicated several children.

Calcified scars in the lungs and on the side of the neck showed that she had had early tuberculosis. A scar on one rib, showing where the drainage tube for empyema had been, betrayed the pneumonia. The large left ventricle of the heart and a slightly calcified arch of the aorta told of high blood pressure and some arterial hardening. There were abundant signs of arthritis around her vertebrae.

"Two bird shot in the muscles of one shoulder suggest a shooting accident. And a healed fracture in the collarbone might mean a fall from a horse in a woman of her apparent sporting interests;" Alverez finished triumphantly!

X.

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CARELESS LOSS

Men living in United States lose the staggering sum of £16,000,000 every year in a most unexpected way. The money simply falls out of their pockets!

Master tailors there have discovered that the pockets of men's suits are too shallow to hold the owners' money safely, and this accounts for all that lost cash. A great deal of it is found by the men who clean out trains and buses every night. Usually it has slipped down behind the cushions and seat covers.

Now the tailors have decided to make all pockets at least two inches deeper in future.

MOST ATTRACTIVE JOBS

Who have the most attractive jobs in Britain? It's the men and women who make magnets which, in all shapes, sizes and strengths, are to-day being exported in greator numbers than ever before.

One British firm which twenty years ago made 100,000 magnets every month is now making more than 500,000 and has recently had to extend its factory.

Magnets are used in so many industries these days, and are becoming so powerful and efficient that scientists forecast that the last forty years of this century will become known as the magnetic as well as the atomic age.

In the United States they have perfected a new electro magnet which has the power to raise thirteen big motor-cars!

A specially made magnet weighing sixty pounds was used by detectives, some time ago, to search a canal in an unsuccessful attempt to find the weapon used in the killing of a woman who was found dead on the towpath with a wound in her throat,

CURIOUS

A practised desperado, Henry Bondurant, decided that the bank of the sleepy little town of Middleton, Tennessee, would be a sitting duck. He overlooked the fact that the Middletonians, while they may like their sleep, also like their shooting.

On February 21, 1952, Bondurant swaggered into the Bank of Middleton and announced a hold-up. When cashier F. L. Simpson tried to slam the vault door. Bondurant expertly shot him through the hand and promised to kill anyone else who interfered. Then he collected more than $18,000 and headed for his getaway car.

But the shot had been heard, and by the time Bondurant reached the street the embattled Middletonians were converging with their shot-guns, fowling pieces and squirrel rifles. they promptly shot the tyres off the getaway car. Bondurant dodged to another car, then to a light van, firing as he went. But the Middletonians were throwing much more lead. Within a few seconds the bold, bad Bondurant had collapsed, badly wounded, into the arms of a deputy sheriff.

During the running gunfight the loot was scattered up and down the street. Turning reluctantly from the chase, the good citizens of Middleton gathered up the notes and coins and carried them back into the bank. Officials made an audit; then, incredulous, they made another. The bank had exactly 80 cents more cash than when the robbery began! So far as I know, this is the only time on record that a bank showed a profit on a robbery!

Y.

The Rationalist

SHORT MEN

If he is honest every short man will admit there have been occasions when he wished he was tall, for in uniform and in evening dress the big man attracts the girls.

But there is no reason for short men to feel inferior merely because they are short. Apart from appearance they have many advantages over their tall brethren, and statisticians have shown that the majority of really great men were under average height.

Though Napoleon stood only 5 feet 1 inch, Julius Caesar 5 feet 2 inches and Alxander the Great 5 feet 3 inches, this did not stop them from being military geniuses. Napoleon, like most short men, did not like being reminded that he was a shorty.

One day when searching for a book in his library he spotted it on a shelf high above his head and turned to get a ladder.

"Permit me, Sire," said Marshal Moncey, one of the tallest men in the army, stretching an arm, "I am higher than your Majesty."

"You are longer, Marshal," corrected Napoleon with asperity.

Most short men develop a sense of inferiority, forgetting that stature should be measured from the neck up, and not down. Too many strut, talk too loudly, boast and even pick fights with bigger men.

The late Edouard Benes used to visit the office of Burnett Hurshey, newspaper correspondent, who once remarked, "I've noticed that you never seem to become angry. Why?"

"I am a short man," explained Benes, "and short men should never become angry. When a little man loses his temper and starts to splutter and fume, he merely looks ridiculous!"

Short men are usually touchy and quick to retort when insulted because of their size. Alexander H. Stevens, Senator from Georgia and late Vice-President of the Confederate States was very short and weighed less than 80 lb. One day a hulking Congressman said in the course of a heated debate. "Why, I guess I could swallow you and never know I'et a thing."

"In that case," snapped Stevens, "you'd have more brains in your belly than you ever had in your head!"

Another small man who took umbrage when reference was made to his lack of inches was Dr. Busby, Head of West-minister School. One morning in a public coffee room a gigantic Irish baronet bowed and asked sarcastically of Busby, "May I pass to my seat, O Giant?',

The Doctor moved quickly and replied. "Pass, O Pigmy,', at which the baronet apologised and said, "Oh, sir, my expression alluded to the size of your intellect."

"And my expression," said Busby coldly, "to yours!"

One morning Abraham Lincoln, who was tall and lanky, was in a group who were discussing size when one of them turned and asked, "Mr. President, how long d'you think a man's legs should be?"

As stephen Douglas, who had very short legs, was present the President drawled, "Well, I guess a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

To give a list of undersized geniuses would need a full page. It would include Chopin, Milton, Michaelangelo, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Lenin, Gandhi, Dr. Jung, Voltaire, Gallileo, Plato, Leibnitz, Montaigne, Victor Hugo, Horace, Aristotle, Edison, Balzac, Shakespeare, Einstein, Toscanini and Pachmann.

But as many geniuses may also be seen in the ranks of the tall, one may rest assured that inches have nothing whatsoever to do with ability or brains.

A common saying among sportmen is, "A good big 'un will always like a good little 'un."

In heavyweight boxing and wrestling where sheer poundage and inches make all the difference, this may appear to be true, but in hardly any other sport. In soccer the great English genius is Stanley Matthews whom no one would call a giant, and before him little Alex James used to run rings round the giants.

Usually the little man realizes that he is handicapped by lack of inches and develops his strength and talents to the utmost, whereas the big chap often relies on his bulk to overcome his opponents.

At hocky the Indians, a short race have been Olimpic champions since 1928, at squash; there is no one in the world to touch Hashim Khan and his cousins, and before him the Egyptian, Amr Bey—all small men. The badminton world is ruled by Malayans, another short agile race.

Cricket is a game at which it appears at first that inches count, but among the most accomplished batsmen of modern times were Bradman, Macartney, Weekes. Headly, Hendren and Hassett; all short men.

Even fast bowler Harold Larwood was no more than 5 feet 8 inches. and John Wisden the Little Wonder was five feet four inches and weighed no more than seven stone!

The finest soldiers are not big bulky men who tire quickly but little tough fellows. Lt. Col. Driscol who formed the famous Driscol Scouts—nearly all small men—said, "So long as they are physically fit, the smaller the better!

"They do not break the backs of my horses! they are economical to clothe and feed; they have more endurance; they do not offer such a good target to the enemy; they can pass silently where the big man blunders; the average small man is more alert mentally and physically than the average big man; and as for pluck, if there is any difference, the little man has it!"

And F. J. Crawley, former Chief Constable of Newcastle-on-Tyne wrote, "I would say, generally speaking, that in proportion as the motor vehicle made its advent, so should the purely monumental policeman have made his exit. He is a product of the Victorian mentality, rivalry among forces and the craving of insignificant functionaries to be bolstered up by giants.

"The real need is for alert men of a compact physically conditioned type, 5 feet 6 inches in height. Shorter police are just as efficient as taller ones. It is what is behind the uniform, not what is in it, that matters!"

X.

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Shri V. H. Naranappa, M.A , Depu y Presidency Postmaster, Madras G.P.O. has taken over as Presidency Postmaster, Madras G P.O. with effect from the afternoon of 26-6-56. His father Shri V. Haridas ppa worked as Branch Postmaster on Rs. 5/- per month at Turuvekere, Mysore State, where the son assisted the father in all odd jobs in the Post office and also in delivery work in the town, on a remuneration of one pice every Monday for two hours' work every day.

Shri Naranappa has completed about thirty year's service and has held charge of several large offices. At the Lucknow G.P.O., when a strike of Sorting Postmen was apprehended, he himself learnt the sorting work of the entire city and trained scores of men in sorting. Further he himself would sort about 1000 letters daily, besides making the whole lot work as a team. Thus the Lucknow G.P.O. earned the reputation of issuing the best delivery in India. Further, while at Lucknow he held two posts (viz) Postmaster and Senior Superintendent of Post Offices together for over four months without any additional remuneration. But the reward has come to him now.

For the past two years, he is working in the Madras G P.O. He is familiar with the name of each of the thousand men in the G P.O., like his guru the late lamented Pro. N. S. Subba Rao of Mysore who knew every one of his 500 students! In the recent drive for insurance, he secured proposals for a total value of three lakhs. He is the moving spirit behind the G P.O. Club, which is the best in India. As he has only about ten months more to retire, it is hoped that the autorities will keep him here till he retires from the service so that the Madras G.P.O. very soon become a model for all India.

HOUSE OF COMMONS RULES

It's the ambition of many people to sit in the famous Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons and listen to debates, but few of them realize that there are many things a "stranger" mustn't do, a Parliamentary colleague reminds me.

He mustn't raise his hat in the House. If he does so, he can be ejected and kept in a cell until the House has risen. He mustn't make a note of anything said in the House. If he produces a pencil and paper, an attendant will confiscate them and order the offender out. Only the reporters in the Press Gallery may take notes.

A "stranger" must not keep his hat on in the presence of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Whenever the Speaker appears, there is a call of "Hats off, strangers!" and off come hats, including the helmets of the police.

Until 1875 it was sufficient for any M.P. to utter the historic phrase, "I spy strangers!" and the House was automatically cleared. One day a mischievous Member, seeing King Edward VII—then Prince of Wales—sitting in his usual seat, "spied strangers" and the Prince had to be turned out with the rest!

To-day the rule is that a vote must be taken on any proposal "that strangers be directed to withdraw." Should the motion be carried, out goes everyone except M.P.s and peers and the Serjeant-at-Arms. Even uniformed attendants are sent out and all doors are locked and barred!

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VOL XVI No. 40] Monday 6-8-1956 [PRICE 0—1—6.

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LANDING ON MOON

Scientists are planning to give closer study to the moon this year in a new attempt to answer the question that has puzzled them for centuries: When will the moon break up?

Many astronomers predict that in the next fifty million years mankind will witness the slow disintegration of the moon—the earth's closest neighbour and only satellite, which is about 238,857 miles away from us.

One famous astronomer has said: "We believe that the moon will break into pieces—first into two pieces, then four, then eight and eventually into countless particles. When this happens, we shall have continuous moonlight, reflected from the particles."

When our first spacemen land on the moon, they'll find it completely covered with a dust as fine as face powder and varying from 20ft thick to enormous troughs 6,000ft. deep.

This startling prediction is made by a British astronomer. Reviewing the results of the latest research concerning the moon's surface, he says it is calcula'ed that there are 25,000 grains of dust in a line measuring less than an inch.

At the bottoms of the moon's valleys and in the flat regions, the moon explorers will find a loose layer of this dust, rather like fine, deep snow, not less than 20 feet deep. It may be impossible to walk on it. There is no water on the moon, so the dust would not pack tightly except under its own weight.

Only on the high ridges of mountainous ground will the spacemen find little dust, says the astronomer.

The moon's dust was caused by the impact of huge meteorites which in the last 7,000 million years blasted great pits in the moon's surface, it is now believed. Some of these pits are 500 miles across.

The first men in the moon will therefore have to find some way of preventing themselves from sinking into the dust with their gear.

CAMEL RESEARCH

One of the greatest mysteries of nature—why a camel can go for so long without a drop of water—has been solved by Scandinavian zoologists carrying out arid zone research in the North Sahara.

The camel does not, as was popularly supposed, store water in its hump or in one of its several stomachs, say the zoologists. Instead, it conserves every drop of water in its body tissues. A camel never pants, never breathes with its mouth open and rarely perspires.

"ANOTHER BOY!"

Something rather odd has been happening for the past thirteen years in a tiny village in Sweden. In that time there have been a good many births but not a single one of the new babies has been a girl.

Doctors and Health experts are mystified, but the succession of bonnie boy babies continues. The last girl to be born in the village is pretty, thirteen-year-old Christina Dolk.

The whole village was agog a few weeks ago when it was known that the mother of a family of nineteen children was about to give birth to yet another baby. As boys were already much in the majority in her family, it was generally believed that a girl would be born, so ending the village's long run of boy births.

The great day came. The villagers found work impossible as they waited for the news. Then, late in the afternoon, the news travelled by word of mouth throughout the village. The new arrival was—another boy!

MIRRORS

A French scientist has calculated that, as most women spend thirty minutes a day in making up, preening and admiring themselves, they waste 349,575 minutes—242 days of their lives, mostly between the ages of twenty and thirty-five—in front of their mirrors. Yet half an hour a day would not have sufficed for the toilets of some well-known beauties.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, was so vain over her chestnut hair, which fell to below her knees, that she once had every hair counted, and used to spend hours in front of her mirror having her tresses arranged in exotic fashions!

Fonder still of gazing at her own reflection was Virginia, Countess of Castiglione. She was so vain that once, after inspecting a full-length nude portrait for which she posed, she took the artist's knife and ripped his painting to shreds in case art lovers should prefer that likeness to herself!

But the most amazing passion for mirrors was that which enslaved Kate Horvoath, wife of a prosperous Hungarian wine merchant. Being accustomed to spending hours admiring her own good looks, she entered a competition in which a prize of £2,000 was to be given to the entrant collecting the greatest number of mirrors. Kate bought specimens from castles and mansions all over the country, and then travelled abroad buying still more mirrors. Then when the time came for her collection to be examined, the Turkish millionaire who had organized the contest committed suicide!

Now Kate possessed 2,700 mirrors, stored in nine of the ten rooms in her home, and when her husband died in 1922, they represented her total assets! One by one she sold them to buy food, still spending hours gazing at her reflection in the others. One day, however, she tripped and fell against one massive mirror, smashed it and cut herself badly on the splinters. And when neighbours answered her screams they were too late to help. She died a victim of the strangest mirror mania on record!

Only one man seems to have sought mirrors with anything like Kate's enthusiasm. Sir John Sloane, founder of the Sloane Museum in London, could never resist them and had hundreds built into the house in which his treasures are now housed.

Strangely enough, a number of women have disliked mirrors. Lady Montague, the once famous English society beauty who died in 1762, never looked at herself in a glass during the last twenty-two years of her life! Smallpox had ruined the beauty that had once made her the toast of London.

However, let it be said that Charles Worth, of America, was one of the opposite sex who never knew what he looked like—but for a very good reason. He was a victim of premature senility, and at the age of seven was as grey-bearded and tottery as a man of seventy. When he should have been playing with boys of his own age he was bobbling round on a stick, for all the world like a bent old man!

His parents kept him away from mirrors and refused to let him see his own reflection in water. One day, however, he did look into a mirror in an unguarded moment, and the terrible shock of what he saw is said to have killed him.

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SANSKRIT WISDOM

Better poverty than wealth gained by evil means. Better that the body remain slim, than become big by dropsy.

* * *

It is wise to accept a clever remark even from a little boy. Does not the lamp show things that a light cannot show?

* * *

Vain is rain on the seas. Vain is food for one who is surfeit. Vain is charity to one capable of earning. Vain is a lamp at noonday.

* * *

It is not wise to lead a multitude. If it succeeds the results have to be shared. If it fails the leader pays the penalty.

* * *

No one knows what will happen to one tomorrow. So it is wise to do today what is to be done tomorrow.

* * *

Would you win the world? then be kind, be friendly to all, be generous, be sweet-spoken. There is nothing like these to conquer the world.

* * *

He whose wealth is for charity, whose learning is for good deeds, whose thoughts are for ascertaining God, whose words are for doing good to others, such a one is a gem among men, and worthy of adoration.

* * *

The sun is reddish at dawn, and red at even-tide. Great ones are the same in prosperity and in distress.

What a virtuous man casually utters is as good as graven on stone. What a low man even says on oath is like writing on water.

* * *

The sun may rise in the west, the mountain may move, the fire may become cool, the lotus may grow on the boulder of the hill-top, but the promises of good men are steadfast and unchangeable.

* * *

He is a great man who is dumb in abusing others, who is blind with regard to others' women, who is lame in pursuit of others' money.

* * *

The harsh talks of the evil-tongued, grate on the ear like iron chains. The words of the good please the ear like the jingling of golden anklets.

* * *

Like the moon who casts his beams on the lotuses and makes them bloom, without a thought of bestowing a favour, high-souled persons do good to others as a matter of course, and without expecting a return.

* * *

Whosoever speaks what is salutary, speaks in moderation, speaks in Sanskrit, speaks not over much, and speaks only after considering the facts, his speach is effective in all undertakings.

* * *

Be a man energetic, prompt to act, skilful in performance, free from vices, bold, grateful for favours, firm in friendship, then Fortune herself seeks him out to dwell with him.

G. R. Josyer.

International Academy of Sanskrit Research.

Dr. G. S. Melkote, Minister of P.W.D. and Labour, Hyderabad, and Sri A. G. Ramachandra Rao, B.A., B.L., Minister of Education and Law, Mysore, were pleased to visit the International Academy of Sanskrit Research, on the morning of the 25th July, 1956 and record the following impressions :

"I am grateful to Sri G. R. Josyer for giving me an opportunity to visit his institute, and to hear him speak of the ancient works that are in his possession. The talk was priceless, as also the literature he has with him. I wish him strength to his elbow.

A. G. Ramachandra Rao.
Minister, Education and Law.

G. S. Melkote.
Minister, P.W.D. and Labour.
25—7—1956

BALANCING

With my accustomed celerity. I changed the flat tyre in something under an hour and rolled into the nearest filling station to see if the old spare was still usable. The garage man—whom I had never seen before—put a patch on the tube. When I said "How much?" he waved me off. "It's on the house." he said.

"It's very kind of you, but why are you doing this for a stranger?" I asked curiously.

"Well," he said, "yesterday I woke up in a bad temper. I bit everybody who came in sight This morning I feel fine. So today I'm making up for yesterday. Favours for the customers—kind words for the help. That's how I pay off for the bad days!"

As I drove off, I reflected on the rarity of this attitude. Few of us balance our emotional accounts as promptly and scrupulously, We permit our debits to grow to staggering proportions and then we are overwhelmed by them.

This man sensibly settles his accounts day by day. Tuesday's benevolence pays—at least in part—for Monday's crankiness; the slate is wiped clean and there is no lingering residue of remorse.

"Mental hygiene" is a pompous phrase, but essentially it is as simple as physical hygiene: a matter of day-to-day care in little things. That tiny patch the garage man put on saved me only a dollar—it saved him a week's worry about yesterday's meanness!

ASTROLOGY AND AMERICA

American astrologers, professionals and amateurs have converged on New York for the biennial convention of the American Federation of Astrologers and to do something about their own unpredictable future. There are about 400 of them, about half being women. There are of course, a lot more astrologers in the country, but it is not a lucrative profession and, for many, a trip to New York is beyond, their means. Some others would seem to prefer to keep their calling or hobby, as the case may be, under cover.

It is a curious thing that while there are not many Americans who will not want their futures read by astrologers or palmists or crystal-ball gazers or tea-leaf readers or whosoever you will, yet astrologers and all of their prognasticating ilk are not taken seriously by the public by and large. A high officer of the Federation of Astrologers ruefully said that there was much prejudice in the country against astrologers and that they were being generally ridiculed as charlatans and crackpots.

The Federation was formed in 1933 to educate the public about astrology, to encourage and promote that "science and art" and establish a code of ethics for its practitioners. This code calls on all astrologers to make predictions only on the basis of horoscopes cast for the exact time and date of birth and taking into due consideration the place of birth also. They are also to pledge themselves to respect all confidences imparted to them by their subjects unless they involve an act of felony or treason.

How many members the Federation has no one will reveal: the membership list like the Communist Party's roster is a secret, though for quite a different reason. It seems many members do not want it be known that they are members because of the fear that they may become objects of public ridicule. This incidentally should throw light on what status the astrologer has here to-day: they all would like to consult him but they do not want to accept him. One of federation's Vice-Presidents said astrology is a tabooed subject in a large section of the Press and on the Radio and Television, and he complained that astrologers were not getting a fair deal from these media of information because, while they were often subjected to vicious attack over these media, they were being denied facilities to reply to those attacks and present their case to the public.

The Federation believes that the lot of astrologers can be bettered only if quacks are first driven out of business. So it is planning to introduce a system of licencing based on stiff examinations. In Columbus, Ohio, if an astrologer wants to set up shop he must pass an examination and get a licence from the city authorities. However, Columbus is the only place in the U.S. where such official recognition has been accorded to the profession.

But judging from papers being read at the current convention, these American astrologers are indeed serious people, fully conscious of the times they live in. They are discussing not only such abstruse topics as "Saturn—friend or foe", reincarnation and "How to know your cosmic mission from your chart" but also such red-hot subjects like "The astrology of coronary thrombosis—prognosis and prevention." It should not at all be surprising if before the convention breaks up, someone produces a paper on "Astrology of Ileitus—will it recur or not", such a paper should help put the profession on the map.

X.

HISTORY OF MYSORE
AND THE
YADAVA DYNASTY

BY

G. R. JOSYER, M.A. HONS., F.R.E.S.

AUTHOR

"Sociology,", "Politics, Philosophy, and Phantasy," Etc.

"By far the greater part of the work is concerned with the history of the present ruling house of Mysore from its traditional beginning in 1399 till the year 1950 when the present Maharaja was installed as *Rajapramukh* of the newly-created Mysore State of the Indian Union. The dynasty, as is well-known, passed through a series of singular vicissitudes through the period of its early struggles, its supersession by Hyder Ali and Tippu Sultan and the assumption of administration of the State by the East India Company from 1831 to 1867. Since then, thanks to a succession of able rulers and administrators and their Dewans, the State has made phenomenal advance in educational, economic and (latterly) constitutional development. Of this long period the author gives a readable and valuable account in course of which he does adequate justice to the memory of two of Mysore's able, but unfortunate sovereigns, *viz.*, Maharani Lakshammanni and Maharaja Mummadi Krishnaraja Wodayar. The value of the book would have been enhanced by the addition of a bibliography and a map. Paper, print and the general get up are excellent."

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INSTITUT HISTORIQUE ET HERALDIQUE DE FRANCE. FELLOW, MYSORE UNIVERSITY 1936-38.
EDITOR: YAJURVEDA II VOLS. & RIGVEDA PADA; EDITOR "RATIONALIST.

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Registered No. M. 4359.

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REFUSE TO ADMIT DEFEAT

when steeplechase jockey John Bullock's mount crashed into the rails at Stratford races he was taken to hospital with his left leg badly torn and five bones broken in his foot. "You'll never ride again. This is the end of your racing career;" the doctors said.

But 38-year-old John smiled when they had gone. "Don't be so gloomy," he told his nurses. "They can't write me off. I'll be back and ride a winner just for you—and you'll be there to watch me!"

He kept on saying that week after week as he lay in hospital. Then he went home and the promise was forgotten—until a car pulled up outside the hospital six months later. Out of it stepped John—with no trace of a limp.

"I've come to keep that promise," he told the nurses.

An hour later Sister Mary Neary and Staff Nurse Mary Gunn were in the members' enclosure at Stratford races. There they saw their "cripple" win his first race since the accident—on Highcrest at 9 2!

"It seems a miracle," said Sister Mary.

But this is a sort of miracle that happens all the time, all over the country, to the people who refuse to admit defeat. To them a grave injury or distressing affliction is a challenge that brings out their finest qualities.

Nothing seems to keep these people down. People like . . . Patricia Barry. . . . She was looking forward to a brilliant dancing career when she suddenly went blind! She lived through twelve pain-racked months and five operations, but the surgeon's skill and her tremendous courage saved her.

The day came when with the aid of special contact lenses she could see again. Straight back to work went Pat; she started a dancing school at Woolwich and soon had eighty pupils.

Blindness is a tragedy that never fails to draw sympathy, but the tragedy of deafness is seldom fully realized. Twenty-one-year-old Patricia Hull, daughter of a Leyton-stone licensee, knows that is true, for she was deaf eleven years.

Now she has recently returned from America, jubilant at being able to hear again after an £800 operation, paid for by her father.

On the voyage back she had a wonderful time listening to the ship's dance band. "Now I must learn to dance and make up for lost time, because I could never go to dances before," she said, her eyes shining.

But what of those who are not blessed by such miracles, whose sight, hearing or speech may never be restored? For them miracles can still happen—of a different sort.

A wonderful instance is Gerry Brerteon, the blind singer who has found fame on the radio. And something more amazing still. In December, 1954, Gerry—blinded in the Sicily fighting twelve years ago—set up a world record for eighteen holes by a blind golfer. He went round the Stanmore course in 82. That is only twelve strokes more than bogey—the score a top-class player with all his faculties should take.

Supreme example of someone who has triumphed over a terrible disability is Group-Captain Douglas Bader, the legless pilot. He lost his legs in the Battle of Britain and had tin ones fitted. Then he pestered the Air Ministry so much that they allowed him to go on operations, again, and soon he was back in the thick of aerial combat.

It was Bader's courage that inspired an attractive girl from Maidstone, Kent. In 1945 she was a carefree youngster playing in a cornfield when a harvest machine scythed through her legs. Through the days of pain and shock in hospital she clung to the vision of Bader, knowing he had overcome just such a catastrophe.

(To be continued.)

A VAST CAVE

One of the world's biggest and most impressive caves has been discovered by intrepid explorers in Kentucky, U.S.A. It is so vast that the last of its countless winding and twisting passageways are not likely to have been completely explored until midsummer.

The explorers are spending many hours daily crawling and stumbling through the cave. They have already mapped out more than thirty miles of its passageways, but they believe they may extend nearly three times as far.

They believe, too, that the newly found cave may yield not only important geological and archaeological secrets but also treasure. An old legend says that in one of the extensive net work of caverns underlying Kentucky is a vast cache of gold hidden centuries ago by pirates fleeing from justice.

America has many great caves, but not since the discovery of Kentucky's fantastically long Mammoth Cave in 1800 has there been such excitement among the country's cave experts. The Mammoth has subterranean rooms and passages on five different levels.

Arizona's Colossal Cave, the only completely dry cave in the world, has an all-the-year-round temperature of seventy-two degrees and is a crystal wonderland. All the rock is crystallized.

This cave was accidentally discovered by bandits in 1884. They had robbed a coach and fled, seeking a place to hide their loot. They stumbled upon the entrance to the great cave and lay concealed there for two days. Then one of the robbers ventured out for food, was caught and imprisoned and revealed where his companions were hidden.

Off went a sheriff and his posse. They searched the cave with its intricate windings day after day, but failed to find their quarry or the loot. It is believed that the bodies of the missing bandits are still somewhere in the cave. They probably died of starvation.

TACHISTOSCOPE

You are reading this article—but have you any idea at what speed? Are you a fast or a slow reader?

If you are one of the millions of people who can read and digest printed words very quickly, you'll be interested in a new gadget called a tachistoscope which is now in daily use in 300 colleges and universities in the United States.

It's a little screen which slides down over the printed page at a set speed, compelling the reader to keep pace with it. As the reader becomes more efficient, the screen's speed is increased.

Some of the students now taking courses in quick and accurate reading find they can read as many as 180 words a minute. That's good going. Compare it with the speed of 450 words a minute which experts declared in 1946 was a pretty good working average for an educated person.

What happens when you read? The eye moves along the lines of print in a series of jumps and pauses. Nothing is taken in while the eye is in movement, and only during the very short pauses are words recognized.

Average pause of a good reader is one-fifth of a second—of a poor reader, about one-third of a second. So, in ten minutes' reading, the good reader is a long way ahead of the poor reader. Some people recognize as many as four words in one pause, while others are limited to one or even part of a word.

Foot Note: Greatest reading speed ever achieved was that of a Victorian student of literature who proved he could read and remember fifty words *a second*. He sometimes read six novels a day!

The Rationalist

SANSKRIT WISDOM

Worthless things often make a great deal of noise. Gold never makes the amount of noise that brass does.

* * *

These five, even though living, are as good as dead, the poverty-stricken, the diseased, the idiot, the wanderer, and the wage-slave.

* * *

The artist may create lotuses of beautiful colours. But only God can create a lotus which smells like a lotus.

* * *

If a low-born man attains wealth, he looks upon the world with contempt.

* * *

Gentility, bravery, industry, learning, sociability, are five kinds of imperishable wealth.

* * *

New clothes, new umbrella, newly married wife, new house are all good when new. Servants and food-grains are good if old.

* * *

A man may be attacked with a thousand arrows, but he may not die if his time has not come. If his time has come a sharp blade of grass may cause his death.

* * *

What will not a poet see, what will not a crow eat, what will not a drunkard say, and what will not a woman do?

* * *

Life is impermanent; wealth and youth are impermanent; wife and children are impermanent; virtue and fame alone are permanent.

* * *

The man who does not care for bodily comforts, who is capable, who is industrious, who acts with forethought, there is nothing beyond his reach.

* * *

Employees ought to be kept in their proper place. You don't wear a crest-jewel on your foot, nor put your anklet on your head-dress.

* * *

A well-wisher, even if unasked, should tender advice in times of trouble, when a wrong course is pursued, when an undertaking is sure to prove futile.

* * *

You must associate with the good, not with the low. A cup of milk in the hand of a barmaid will not be taken for milk but for beer.

* * *

The ancients say that a charitable man attains enjoyment, that a man who associates with elders becomes brainy, that a man who hurts nobody will have a long life.

* * *

Just as a man who wants water digs with a hatchet till he gets it, one who wants learning should extract it from the teacher.

* * *

Judge a woman, not by her beauty but by her qualities; judge a man, not by his birth, but by his conduct; judge a scholar, not by his learning, but by his achievements; judge a person, not by his wealth, but by his enjoyment.

* * *

As a pond becomes pleasant with a lotus, as the night becomes charming when adorned by the moon, as a woman becomes adorable by possession of youth, so wealth becomes pleasing when accompanied by good-breeding.

* * *

The essence of wealth is charity, the essence of speech is truth, the essence of life is fame and virtue, the essence of the body is rendering service to others.

G. R. Josyer.

NEHRU'S TRIBUTE TO SANSKRIT

At the Bhandarkar Oriental Institute, the Prime Minister told the gathering that when he left for Poona he wanted to get out of the 'dust of politics' and get into the 'realm and region of thought', recently.

The Prime Minister said those who functioned in the political sphere today got "notoriety" in newspapers and made to appear that what they did had very great significance. "There is a habit not only in India but in the world to exaggerate the day-to-day happenings. Day-to-day happenings are no doubt important, but there are other things more important such as the one in which we are associating just now."

Pandit Nehru said he thought the publication of these three volumes of critical edition of Maha Bharat, which gave an insight into the ancient wisdom of the Indian people was certainly more important than the usual happenings in the political field.

Pandit Nehru said the publication of "Shanti Parva" took "our minds to that tremendous epic Maha Bharat and that great background in which our ancient kings and dynasties lived and functioned." The kings' dynasties might have perished but the Maha Bharat would always remain a great epic, and would have an important significance in the scheme of things in the country, much more than the role played by politicians.

Pandit Nehru said Sanskrit was responsible for developing thought and reflecting it in our work. Thought was more powerful than anything in the world. Sometimes action was necessary, but thought was more necessary. A language was powerful only when it provoked thought and imparted wisdom. "This language (Sanskrit) is the strangest manifestation of culture of the Indian people."

Throughout the ages, he said, scholars of not only India but of the whole world paid homage to Sanskrit. Though Sanskrit might not be a spoken language in the normal sense of the world, it had been the strangest, the most vital and forceful language since the days of yore. "We may not have profited by it enough. But nevertheless it has been a basic part of India. I have no doubt it will remain so in future." The Prime Minister expressed the hope that Sanskrit would be a valued language of India in future as it had been in the past.

LONG LIFE

Harrismith, South Africa, Town Council has forwarded an electric light bulb to a British manufacturer, claiming a world record for the length of time the bulb was in use.

It was installed when the town hall was built in 1907 in a frequently used room, and was often used not only at night but during the day. Recently, after more than 48 years' service, the bulb burned out!

TWO SHOCKS

John Sandras, of Florina, Greece, recently put down the letter he had been reading and, looking up at his wife, said: "Our child is safe." His son, missing during World War II, had written to his parents from Canada.

Sandras lost his speech in 1948 as a result of a bomb explosion during the Spanish Civil War. "Our child is safe" were the first words he had spoken since that date!

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MALADY OF STONES

At the famous Roman amphi-theatre at Arles in southern France, a bearded man moved from stone to stone, studying each through a magnifying glass. Occasionally he paused to mutter and gesticulate. Finally an American tourist asked him what he was doing.

"I am a chemist," he said. These stones are sick. They have a plague."

The American hurried away. "A lunatic!" he decided.

The Pasteur Institute of Paris, however, saw nothing lunatic in the report which the chemist sent them soon afterwards. The document contained evidence that a mysterious malady is preying on France's chief historical monuments and architectural glories, spreading like a human skin disease. Similar observations, already had been made at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where new healthy stones, used to replace afflicted ones, in their turn had become afflicted.

All over France, chemists, geologists and biologists have been feverishly trying to arrest the stony leprosy, or cancer, which attacks the choicest works of art.

Besides Notre Dame and the amphitheatre at Arles, the famous cathedrals of Rheims, Amiens and Chartres, the chateaux of the Loire Valley, the palaces of Versailles and hundreds of less well-known French masterworks are threatened with disfigurement.

Stone, if exposed long enough to the elements, naturally becomes worn and eroded. But normal stone decay scarcely explains what has been happening in France.

Notre Dame, a miracle of gothic art, was one of the earliest sufferers. Almost overnight, the grinning gargoyles and other sculptures became spotted with open sores. Elsewhere there appeared huge blisters or evil-looking black crusts. Some of the renowned flying buttresses, supporting the cathedral's side walls, were found to be as close to collapse as are the beams of a termite-ridden house.

At Rheims the situation was even more dramatic. Weather, fire and war all had scarred but failed to destroy the beautiful thirteenth century cathedral. Now the famous statues over the main entrance are emaciated to the point of ghostliness. "They appear to have been almost bled to death," said an expert.

Superstitious Frenchmen say that mankind is being punished for its works of evil: the Vergin of Rheims is wasting away in sorrow for the sins of the atomic age. And now the disease has spread to America too!

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REFUSE TO ADMIT DEFEAT

(*Continued from previous issue.*)

She told everybody she would run and play like other girls, that she would get artificial limbs and do everything that Bader had done, —cycle, swim, ride and dance.

She did get the artificial limbs, and day after day she struggled with the same difficulties that Bader had encountered. Slowly, she mastered walking, cycling, swimming, horse-riding.

Then came the greatest test—dancing. Would the young men ask her to dance merely out of pity? It did'nt seem so, for they asked her again and again. And in March, 1954, she fell in love with one of them—a soldier just back from the Korea fighting. Her heart trembled as she told him about her legs. But he said, "It does'nt make any difference—it's the woman herself that counts." And they were married.

Peser Nee, twenty-nine-year old merchant seaman, of Jarrow-on-Tyne, also found romance after a grim accident. Trying to save a drowning mongrel at Lyttleton, New Zealand, he was crushed between ship and quay and lost both his legs just below the knee.

But in hospitel he was nursed back to health by a beautiful girl called Bernadette, who became his wife. In Peter's own words: "I landed on my feet!"

People stricken with paralysis are just as courageous. "Bride learns to walk again on honeymoon"—that was a recent headline story.

When his fiancee, Freda, got Polio three years ago, Clive McKnight, of Whitfield, North-umberland, promised her, "I'll never leave you." To Freda, a keen competition dancer, the illness was an extra grievous blow.

But through Clive's devotion and her own will-power, Freda was able to walk again—if only a little—by the time they were married recently. And on the honeymoon, Freda was having more walking lessons. "Soon you'll not only be walking, but dancing again," said Clive.

David Jackson, completely paralysed, painted Christmas cards—holding the brush in his teeth! His painting of a snow-scene in Richmond Park was accepted by the Air Ministry for use as a Christmas card.

These folks don't look for medals for their courage, yet they deserve them. But sixteen-year-old Sean Booth, an Irish orphan, of West Kensington, did get a medal the other day, the Cornwall Badge, the Scouts' V.C. Sean has his right leg crippled by polio, but two and a half years ago he joined the Scouts and did so well he's now formed his own troop at Fulham.

And here's perhaps the most inspiring story in this catalogue of courage. It's about a boy who overcame one shattering blow only to sustain another—and still win. Brain Harris, of Bramsgrove, Wores, was six when he developed an unnatural walk, something between a frog's hop and a jump. Doctors said that one leg was longer than the other. He would have to have three years' hospital treatment—It was a shock to a boy who wanted to be a runner.

But Brian was not daunted. Week after week, month after month, he got up at dawn to do an hour's exercises at hospital before school. At last he was cured and given a built up shoe; he went back to his running and won important races.

But then another blow fell. He was playing with a model 'plane when part of it hit him in the right eye. He was blinded in that eye. But that didn't stop Brian. With one eye, he went on running and winning for his school and county. And his other ambition of becoming a painter was coming true, too, with

the award of a free place at a Birmingham art school.

In the newspapers every week you see stories of these never-say-die folk whose faith and courage carries them through the bleak days to recovery.

It may be recovery from some physical handicap, it may be a mental recovery, or both—but it brings out courage that these people probably never knew existed.

In hospital beds, in iron lungs, in homes, struggling under cruel handicaps—wherever they are—dauntless folk like these face the future with a smile and are an inspiration to everyone.

HOW MUCH SLEEP

How much sleep should you have? One doctor's view is that adults need nine hours, but most people probably get less. An old rhyme much quoted by our forefathers says:

"Nature for sleep five hours requires,
But custom makes it seven;
Dull idleness full nine desires,
And wickedness eleven."

How long can we keep awake? A famous surgeon, when asked for a cure for sleeplessness, brusquely replied that his questioner ought to go three nights without sleep as he himself had done frequently in hospital.

Three nights is more than most of us could manage, but in a test among U.S. university students two stayed awake for eighty-five-hours. They declared themselves "wide awake" and even wanted to go without sleep for another day.

It was said that a Hungarian, Karoly Otlic, who died in 1937, had not slept for fifteen years! He was shot in the head during trench fighting in 1915, but for seven years after his discharge from hospital he felt no ill effects.

Then one night he found he could not sleep and from that time he knew no rest. He became quite famous in Budapest for his insomnia.

Night after night he was found reading in restaurants and cafes and nobody ever saw him drowsy. When the cafes closed after midnight, he took long walks to pass the hours.

He was a tremendous eater and he drank two pints of black coffee and two pints of milk every day. After his death his landlady declared that his bed had not been slept in throughout the fifteen years!

Some famous men have regarded sleep as actually injurious except when indulged in brief spells. The great philosopher, Immanuel Kant, used to say: "Sleep is an enemy that shortens life, and saps a man's vitality."

Sir Julius Benedict, who lived to be eighty-one, claimed that he never slept more than four hours. Sir Hermann Weber, an authority on sleep, said: "Too much sleep is the cause of premature decay and the waning of brain power."

Burglars have revealed that if they go through a house after the occupants have been asleep only an hour, there is far less chance of waking the sleepers than at a later time. Later in the night we are all easier to waken.

X.

ಯಜುರುಪಾಕರ್ಮ	೦—೪—೦.
ಯಜುಸ್ಸಂಧ್ಯಾವಂದನೆ	೦—೪—೦.
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"ಜಿಕ್ಕದೇವರಾಜನಿಘಂಟು" ದಿವ್ಯಗ್ರಂಥದಮೇಲಿನ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸಮಾಲೆ.	೧—೪—೦.
Life of Saint Anantarya. in English and Hindi.	1—0—0.

The Rationalist

SANSKRIT WISDOM

The big man is not so capable of rendering help as the small man is. One can slake one's thirst with the water of a small pond. One cannot do so with the water of a big ocean.

* * *

As one grows old, his mind becomes mature with wisdom. The sandal tree, when it grows old, becomes also laden with fragrance.

* * *

An object which is inherently beautiful does not require artificial embellishments, just as the lustrous pearl does not require to be cut and polished.

* * *

People respect or cultivate things in expectation of deriving some benefit therefrom. The cow is maintained at home on account of the milk it yields, not out of charity.

* * *

Health, learning, friendship with the good, genteel birth, and popularity with men, these constitute wealth to a man, even without cash.

* * *

A man should review his conduct every day and ask himself, "Am I one with the animals, or am I acting like virtuous men?"

* * *

Wise men should pursue and acquire learning even in old age. It may not yield fruit in this life. But it will facilitate things in the next birth.

* * *

The sea does not beg the rivers for water, but the rivers flow into it. So if a person makes himself worthy, things come to him by themselves.

* * *

We must befriend to the best of our ability, the unemployed, the diseased, the grief-stricken. Even the tiny ants and worms we must always treat like our own selves.

* * *

You must not forsake your kinsfolk even if you deem them worthless. The rice grain cannot grow if it is seperated from its husk.

* * *

You must show due courtesy to a visitor even if he be an enemy. Even if a wood-cutter stands by its side with a hatchet, a tree does not deny him shade.

* * *

A good bath has ten merits. It refreshes the mind, destroys the effects of a bad dream, washes away dirt and imparts cleanliness, makes the skin lustrous, brightens one's appearance, alleviates disease, fits one to make love, makes one attractive to dames, and removes exhaustion.

* * *

If you cannot follow the example of the righteous in all its completeness, you should follow it at least to some extent. You will be then on the road to righteousness, and will not come to grief.

* * *

Nothing is more pleasant than sweetness of speech. Even a favour would be unwelcome if preceded by harsh speech. What gain does the cuckoo bring to us, and what harm does the ass cause to us? Only, the one warbles, the other brays.

* * *

Birds forsake a tree which has lost its fruits, swans forsake a pond which is drying up, friends forsake a man whose money is gone, ministers forsake a luckless king, the bees forsake a faded flower, the deer forsake a forest on fire. Thus every one parts after his purpose is served. So who is dear to whom?

G. R. Josyer.

REBIRTH

In a Liverpool cinema the audience were tensely watching the execution of Lady Jane Grey portrayed in a historical film. Suddenly a woman screamed in the darkness. "It's all wrong. And I know—I was there! *I was there!*"

Recovering afterwards in the foyer of the theatre, typist Dorothy Jordan felt she was in a dream, still living in the Tudor period and dreaming of the twentieth century. Watching the movie she had noticed that certain scenes were not as she remembered them.

When the nine-day queen gazed from her window in the Tower Dorothy knew the real window was too high to be looked through.

In the film the crowds were silent as they watched Lady Jane on the way to execution, but Dorothy knew the real crowds had screamed and jostled.

The movie did not show the black wrist-bands worn by the executioner, nor the praying boy who had knelt by the scaffold.

But Dorothy remembered all those things ...

And subsequently those details she remembered were proved to be authentic. The film-makers admitted they had taken artistic liberties with the historical facts!

The girl who fainted in the Liverpool cinema is now quietly convinced she has lived before—as Lady Jane Grey's lady-in-waiting.

A clear case of reincarnation? Sheer coincidence? Or mere hysteria? Occult scientists find the strange theory of reincarnation—the soul surviving in another body—so intriguing that a systematic overhaul and review of the accumulated evidence is to be made this year. In Asia, after all, a thousand million people regard reincarnation as one of the first facts of religion.

Take the extraordinary case of fifteen-year-old Irish Farczady, dying of influenza in Budapest. There was a moment when she was believed to be dead. Then she recovered, but forgot her native language.

She did not recognise her mother and called her in the Spanish term, Sefiora. Before anyone could make sense of her words, a Spanish interpreter had to be found.

Then she explained: "I am Altarez de Salvio, wife of a working man in Madrid. I am forty years old and have fourteen children. I was sick and thought to be dying. Now I have recovered here in this strange country. What has happened to me?"

What had happened, indeed? Investigators discovered that a woman named Altarez de Salvio, forty-year-old mother of fourteen children, had died in Madrid a month before. No other links could be found between the dead Spanish woman and the living girl in Hungary. Iris has gradually forgotten her Spanish memories. She is one of the few women with any claim to have experienced reincarnation.

Is it possible that memories of former lives survive in each of us? In America a hypnotist put Mrs. Ruth Simmons into experimental trance and began questioning her on her babyhood memories. Step by step he forced her back to the age of two, the age of one. But then, to his amazement, she began talking of her life in Irland a hundred years ago.

She had been born Bridey Murphy in the year 1798, she claimed; had married a barrister named Brian McCarthy and had died in Belfast in 1814.

Thirty-two-year-old Ruth Simmons had never been out of the United States in her life. But Bridey talked of places in Ireland that have since been found to exist: she described the black ballast and swift rivulets on the sea coast of Antrim and named tiny hamlets that enjoyed more importance when she was alive than they do to-day.

She remembered the name of her school—Miss Strayne's—and was able to draw a little

plan showing her house in Belfast and a near-by church, St. Teresa's. She indicated which roads were cobbled and which were of dirt. She could recall dances and songs and coins of the period. All the bygone life of Ireland seemed to pour from this American girl deep in hypnotic trance.

As Mrs. McCarthy, she died after falling downstairs and injuring her hip. As Ruth Mills, her maiden name, she was born in Iowa in 1923. Records of births, marriages and deaths were not kept in Ireland at the time of her "former" existence. Discrepancies found in her story may prove to be natural faults of memory. Yet investigators have even traced the old shops where Bridey bought her groceries!

Reincarnation perhaps explains the mystery of the infant prodigy . . . the phenomenon of Mozart who asked for a violin at the age of two, of Macaulay who formed his first sentence at the age of eighteen months, with the words, "Is the smoke of that chimney coming from hell?"

It explains the enigma of John Stuart Mill, who knew Greek at the age of three, and the modern marvel of little Ferrucio Burco who—as if with a life's experience of music—could conduct a symphony orchestra at the age of four.

May be most of the human race must relinquish memories and faculties at death. But perhaps there are exceptions who when newly-born are still equipped with the hard-won experience of a former life.

Thousands of people, arriving in a strange place, claim to know the inexplicably strange sensation of "I have been here before." Exploring Holyrood Palace for the first time, a man suddenly knew he would shortly mount a staircase with five stone steps and enter a long panelled room with four high windows. Sure enough, there were the stair—and the room just as he expected it!

Visiting the village of Avebury, authoress Edith Olivier seemed to remember an avenue of huge grey stones beyond it where she had seen a village fair being held. But the last village fair was held in 1850 and the megalithic stones are known to have disappeared before the year 1800.

Reincarnation? Or do we all inherit a trace of racial memory from our ancestors? One famous actress long felt that she was haunted by Nell Gwynn. One day an eye specialist had occasion to examine her and he exclaimed:

"Your eyes are odd at the back. The only people who have eyes like yours are descendants of the Nell Gwynn family!"

Scientists know how genes can carry down hereditary characteristics so that a child may be born with the eye colour and even the characteristic gestures of her grandmother.

So why not the possibility that genes hand down the memories of a former generation? Or why not reincarnation? Says the Rev. Leslie Weatherhead, the well-known Methodist Minister:

"It's encouraging to think that we may get another chance to come back and try again. A lot of people are terribly handicapped and never really live at all."

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Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.

Addison.

* * *

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Phelps.

* * *

The love of reading enables a man to exchange the wearisome hours of life which come to every one for hours of delight.

Montesquieu

* * *

Resolve to edge in a little reading every day. If you gain but 15 minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year!

Horace Mann.

THINK

A sick person was going into the operating theatre. They wheeled him in, all wrapped up in sheets and lifted him on to the operating table. In the glare of the lights, surgeons and assistant surgeons, anæthetists and nurses in their gauze masks crowded round him. Sterilizers were hissing. Oxygen cylinders stood ready. They began peeling the sheets off and as they removed the last of the preparations and got down to his bare torso, they found a piece of adhesive tape pasted to his skin. Written on it was the reminder—"Think!"

A TIP TO KRISHNA MENON

In New Guinea the cannibal tribe was gathered in council. "Here's the plan!" said the chief. "We'll stick our necks out and the Russians will make overtures. Then there will be overtures from the Western Powers. Then the Russians will offer to send a cultural mission and we'll accept. And then the West will ofier to send a cultural mission and we'll invite them in. Then, when we've got them all here, we'll eat the lot"

CONVERSATION

Conversation has fallen upon evil days. It is drowned by advertisers' announcements. It is hushed and shushed in dimly lit sitting-rooms by television audiences who used to read, argue, and even play bridge, an old-fashioned card game requiring speech.

Conversation laid the foundations of civilization. It was conversation from which the New Testament, the greatest teaching ever recorded, was composed. Great books, scientific discoveries, works of art, great perceptions of truth and beauty in any form, all require great conversation to complete their meaning; without it they are abracadabra—colour to the blind or music to the deaf. Conversation is the handmaid of learning, true religion and free government. If Thomas Carlyle could define a university as a collection of books, Socrates might well have defined it as a conversation about wisdom.

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PRESS CONFERENCE

A few representatives of the Press had met Sri Kadidal Manjappa, Chief Minister, at his residence last week. The Chief Minister's answers to certain questions put by the Press Representatives are noted below :–

Question 1. You were once in favour of retaining Mysore as a separate entity in the reorganised set up ? What are your views now ?

Answer. In the light of the recommendations of the States Re-organization Commission, there was justification to favour two Karnatakas. If there could be two Maharashtra States and two Andhra States (according to the States Reorganization Commission) there was nothing wrong in my pleading for two Karnataka States. I had promised the Congress High Command that I would abide by their decision. Accordingly I submitted to their dicision. I am an Indian. I love my country and every part of it. You may expect me to have as much love for the new bigger State of Mysore as I have for the present State. The stage of argument is over. Now it is the stage for implementation of the final decision, All people who form the New State irrespective of the geographical area to which they belong must sink their differences and create a happy psychological atmosphere for the inauguration of the New State. I would specially like to appeal to my brethren who favoured two Karnatakas to forget the past and whole-heartedly welcome our friends living in the other areas of Karnatak.

Question 2. Do you admit that your success in the contest for leadership is, in effect, a success to the anti-merger group in the Assembly Congress Party ?

Answer. No. Both the merger and the anti-merger sections of the Legislature Congress Party had combined together against Shri Hanumanthaiya.

Question 3. What is the attitude of your Ministry as a whole to the Karnataka question ?

Answer. The attitude of the Ministry is clear. We will whole-heartedly implement the decision taken by the Mysore Legislature and the Parliament.

Question 4. What do you propose to achieve during the two and a half months of your Chief Ministership ?

Answer. I have already told you that I have assumed charge at a very crucial period. We will have to tackle a number of problems connected with the States Re-organization. I can only assure you that I will do my best during the very short period in which I will be in office.

Question 5. Are your policies in general or particular going to be any different from those of the Hanumanthaiya Ministry ? If so, please specify.

Answer. The Government functioning in Mysore State is Congress Government. All Congress Governments are bound to follow the policies laid down by the Congress. The present Ministry will continue to follow the policy laid down by the Congress.

Question 6. What are the reasons for your decision to continue in your Cabinet your former ministerial colleagues ? Is it because

the Congress High Command wanted it to be so ?

Answer. I chose my colleagues after consulting the Congress High Command and the President of the Mysore Pradesh Congress Committee. I know my colleagues very well and I was confident that they would whole-heartedly support me. That is mainly the reason for selecting them.

Question 7. What, in your opinion, were the causes for the exit of Mr. Hanumanthaiya from the leadership ?

Answer. You must ask Shri Hanumanthaiya and the Members of the Mysore Legislature Congress Party.

Question 8. Do you propose to contest for leadership again at the time of the formation of Greater Mysore if the atmosphere is conducive for such action ?

Answer. It is a hypothetical question. In such matters God's will is more important than human endeavour.

* * *

We wonder what these Press Conferences really achieve. The questions are sometimes silly, and sometimes vicious, and the replies can only be ill-considered and random. There can be no public benefit there-from. A Press conference, once in a way, when an important announcement has to be made, may be alright; but it is becoming too promiscuous. Dismissed Hanumanthiah holds a Press Conference and pats himself. Disappointed Chenniah holds a Press Conference and pats himself. And the poor public must swallow all that muck!

Editor.

A LESSON FROM LAMARCK

Jean Baptiste Lamarck, the great French naturalist, whose family had a long martial tradition, joined the army at 17. When he was 21, illness made it necessary for him to go to Paris, poverty-stricken and alone, for treatement which took a year.

The only window of his attic room was a skylight. Lying for hours gazing up at the clouds, for ever passing, for ever changing, he began to sort out the different kinds, to study the connection between their forms and the following weather. He learned and noted down every type of cloud: the black sheets of the nimbus that brings snow, the galleon cumili that ride east at the end of a long summer day, the delicate feathery cirrus clouds that promise fair weather.

When at last his cure was complete and Lamarck might have re-entered the army, he was expert in these matters, and, quite without funds, embarked on a scientific career!

DIMPLE

Have you a dimple ? If so, you're in the fashion. Not since Victorian times have dimples been so popular as they are to-day. A dimple is actually nothing more than a dent or depression in a part of the body where the flesh is very soft.

What causes dimples ? Underneeth the outside skin on the face are fibres of varying length, which run in all directions. Occasionally these fibres are too short in a certain spot, and so pull the skin which forms the dimple.

A dimple-making device displayed recently had three buttons with rubber points fitted to a wire halter which pressed them against the chin and cheeks of the "patient," producing permanent and attractive dimples!

WITCH- CRAFT

Belief in witchcraft still lingers in some parts of Britain, a retired inspector of schools revealed the other day. He said that in Devon and Cornwall there are still women who take sheeps' hearts, smoke them in the chimney and stick needles into them, foolishly hoping it will affect the people they are cursing.

One farmer said recently that he knew a "white witch,' who had cured his herd of cows after several veterinary surgeons had failed. And a Devon witch actually advertised her practice by hanging a besom—a broom made from twigs—upside down in her window. She soon had a thriving business.

"When in trouble, look for the witch,' is still, even in 1956, the maxim of some superstitious country dwellers. In Wales, elderly people relate the story of a reputed witch who wanted to be present at the launching of a big ship.

As she had no ticket, she was refused admission to the shipyard. Again and again she was refused and then, stamping her foot, she swore the ship would not move until she was admitted.

Three attempts were made to launch the ship, but for some unexplained reason the vessel held fast to the slips, while the old woman gibed outside the gates. Then at last, the woman was allowed inside—and a moment later the ship glided down into the water!

Visitors to a Lancashire churchyard are shown a large stone said to mark the site of a witch's grave. Legend says the witch, after being buried, scratched her way to the surface again!

She was buried a second time and once more found her way out! The third burial was made last. They buried her face downwards, so that she would scratch herself in, and placed the large stone on top of her. At that rate she should be in Australia by now!

WORLD'S GREATEST WORK

So you're getting along in years and havn't yet made a name for yourself? Here are some words of comfort from research workers who have looked into the histories of some 4000 famous men, each one the most outstanding statesman, painter, warrior, poet or writer of his time. Of the group's greatest achievements, 35 per cent came when the men were between 60 and 70; 23 per cent when they were between 70 and 80; and eight per cent when they were more than 80. In other words, 66 per cent of the world's greatest work has been done by men past 60. Feel better?

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EDITOR: YAJURVEDA II VOLS. & RIGVEDA PADA; EDITOR "RATIONALIST."

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Registered No. M. 4359.

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A Weekly

for the intelligent man, devoted to a rationalistic survey of all matters of Public interest, in the economic, commercial, and literary fields.

Proprietor & Editor : G. R. JOSYER, M.A., F.R.E.S.

VOL XVI No. 44] Monday 3-9-1956 [PRICE 0—1—6.

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THE NEAREST AGENT.

HISTORY OF MYSORE
AND THE
YADAVA DYNASTY

BY

G. R. JOSYER, M.A. HONS., F.R.E.S.

AUTHOR

"Sociology,". "Politics, Philosophy, and Phantasy," Etc.

"By far the greater part of the work is concerned with the history of the present ruling house of Mysore from its traditional beginning in 1399 till the year 1950 when the present Maharaja was installed as *Rajapramukh* of the newly-created Mysore State of the Indian Union. The dynasty, as is well-known, passed through a series of singular vicissitudes through the period of its early struggles, its supersession by Hyder Ali and Tippu Sultan and the assumption of administration of the State by the East India Company from 1831 to 1867. Since then, thanks to a succession of able rulers and administrators and their Dewans, the State has made phenomenal advance in educational, economic and (latterly) constitutional development. Of this long period the author gives a readable and valuable account in course of which he does adequate justice to the memory of two of Mysore's able, but unfortunate sovereigns, *viz.*, Maharani Lakshammanni and Maharaja Mummadi Krishnaraja Wodayar. The value of the book would have been enhanced by the addition of a bibliography and a map. Paper, print and the general get up are excellent."

Modern Review, Calcutta.

"**A Splendid History.**" Dr. Sir C. R. Reddy, Pro-Chancellor.

"**Exceedingly valuable and interesting book.**" Professor, K. N. Venkatasubba Sastry, M.A., Ph.D, Simla.

"**Profusely illustrated, attractively produced, and very readable**". **Hindu**, Madras.

"Amply fulfils the specific object with which it has been written, and the Yadava Dynasty in Mysore has been well served by the author in this popular account of their character and achievements." **Indian Express**, Madras.

"I have read the History once, already. I wanted to be prepared for the Civilian Commission's interview in case they should ask about Mysore. One thing, it is so readable. Usually history does not make attractive reading to science students. But this book is not so,"

A Young Civilian.

"Mysore will ever remember your great work, and your book will, for many many years, be the standard for consultation." Amatya shiromani Sir T. Thumboo Chetty, KT. C.I.E.

"The cob-webs and smoke-screens of Mysore History have been blown away; and the events authoritatively presented in proper perspective and lucid literary form."

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"It is the book of the year, and the book for long years."

"A book of charming excellence."

"It is artistic like a Raphael portrait."

"A Monumental work."

"A work of international interest."

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24 HOURS

Too few people live with zest or genuine enjoyment. They are regretting the errors of yesterday or worrying about the problems of tomorrow. Or they are tired and nervous so that they are incapable of getting any enjoyment out of the present moment. But the only moment you have to live is this one.

Everyone has the same allotment—24 hours. By a little planning and forethought, you can learn how to get the most out of that 24 hours without the exhaustion or confusion that comes with trying to do too much in too little time. The reward of managing time is that you have more time!

To get real pleasure out of the day, set your alarm clock ahead ten minutes. This leeway will do you more good than the extra sleep. Use some of this extra time in stretching. Lie on your back, and inhale deeply while you raise your arms, stretching so that you feel the pull in your sides. Exhale while you drop your arms.

After stretching a few times, turn over on your right side and put your right hand on right shoulder. Raise the bent arm towards your head while you inhale. You will feel the stretch all the way down to your waist, through your side and back muscles Part of your lung, which was dormant and lazy, is beginning to participate more fully in your breathing. Repeat several times and then turn on the other side, and give your left side this benefit. Your heart will be grateful for the flexibility which your ribs acquire.

Then inhale, and stretch your legs, starting at your heel tendons so that your toes move upwards. You should feel the stretch from the heels to the small of the back. This daily repeated stretch strengthens the lower back muscles and compensates for the damaging effect of so many hours of sitting.

Don't scramble quickly out of bed. That is like trying to start a car in high gear, throwing a strain on your heart. Remember that you have given yourself a few minutes of extra time. Don't rush. You are going to *live* this day, not tear through it as though it were a steeplechase.

What you eat for breakfast is less important than how you eat it. Food that you enjoy and eat without hurry will do you more good than the food that you bolt. If you grab a cup of coffee on the run you throw your digestive apparatus out of gear, and create tension before the day has even started. Eat without haste, however much or little you eat. It sets the relaxing tempo for the day and creates the frame of mind in which you face your work or problems.

Punctuality is relaxing, too. If you are always racing to catch up with your schedule you are in a constant state of tension. The knowledge that you are punctual gives you a feeling of calm security. But when you suddenly look at your watch and discover that you are going to be late, all your muscles tighten with shock. You pay a heavy penalty in dissatisfaction with yourself and exhaustion from the scramble to make your appointment, and all for a few minutes that you could easily have allowed yourself.

Plan your time and you will have more time. If you rush about complaining that you "never have a minute," you'd better look into the matter. Because you have 24 hours a day, and that is all the time there is. What are you doing with it?

"Why," you begin indignantly, "I've done this and that, and thus and so. I haven't a minute."

(To be continued)

The Rationalist

Mr. NEHRU ON YOGA

Prime Minlster Nehru awarded deplomas to 45 yoga asana trainees last week who had completed their course of instructions conducted by the Yoga Health Department of the Bharat Sevak Samaj.

The function took place at the Prime Minister's residence. Mr. Nehru witnessed a demonstration of yoga asana exercise.

The Prime Minister was agreeably surprised to learn that the list of trainees in the B.S.S. Yoga Asana classes included the President, about half a dozen Central Ministers, 84 M.Ps, including Speaker Anantasayanam Ayyangar, a dozen I.C.S. officers, three of the Indian Ambassadors in other countries, and one State Governor!

Speaking at the function, Mr. Nehru advised the youth of the country to practise simple yogic exercises daily to live long and to keep both mind and body healthy.

Mr Nehru said that for the last 25 years he had been snatching some time out of his busy life and doing deep breathing and "Sirshasana" for a few minutes every day. That had surely done much good to his health, he said.

Training in yogic exercises, Mr. Nehru added, was generally given in a complicated way and the result was that very few people were attracted to it and had the patience to learn the asanas.

He wanted that training in asanas should be simple, so that they could be adopted by the masses.

Referring to other forms of heavy exercises like 'Dund Baithak", Mr. Nehru said, he was not against them. He, however, felt that a kind of alertness of mind and elasticity of body, which could be achieved by yogic exercise, was not possible by other strenuous exercises, although, they could make one bodily strong and add to one's weight.

Mr. Nehru wished that schools and colleges popularised simple yogic exercises and a large number of yogic exercise training centres were opened all over the country to improve the health of the people.

HOT-COLD PLANET

Astronomers in many parts of the world are already eagerly discussing their plans for close observation of Mercury, the smallest of all the planets, when it passes between the earth and the sun on May 6th, 1957.

This phenomenon, known as the transit of Mercury, occurs about thirteen times in a century, so if conditions are not good next year, the astronomers will have to wait until November 7th 1960, before they get another suitable chance to study it.

Mercury is only 36 million miles from the sun around which it revolves in 88 days at an average speed of 32 miles per second. It's called the hot-cold planet, because it always turns the same face to the sun, so one hemisphere is sunbaked while the other is intensely cold.

Great dust storms have been observed on Mercury, their probable cause being volcanic eruptions. It's unlikely that there's life of any kind on Mercury, which is a little larger than the moon, with a diametre of 3,100 miles.

Mercury shines with a peculiarly vivid white or rose-coloured light.

MAHATHMA GANDHI

Last month we published a few letters from Mrs. Annie Besant and from Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America.

Here is one received from Mahatma Gandhi from Yarrawada Central Prison, Poona:

"Dear Sir,

I thank you for your letter and Ingersoll's Selected Speeches. I hope to read them in due course.

Y.C.P.
25-1-39.

Yours Sincerely,
M. K. Gandhi."

Sjt. G. R. Josyer, M.A. etc.
Mysore, S. India.

* * *

INGERSOLL

The following is from Mrs. Maud R. Ingersoll Probasco, daughter of Ingersoll, "the greatest orator of the English tongue," and world-famous agnostic:

72, Irving Palace,
New York.

"My Dear Mr. Josyer,

I cannot even hope for your forgiveness for not having answered your letter or thanking you for that wonderful book of my father's writings, which has given me infinite pleasure. When your letter came my husband was desperately ill and is only now some better, and then on May 4th, as you will see by the enclosed invitation, we took the ashes of my father and mother to Arlington National Cemetery in Washington. Under separate cover I am sending you a paper containing copies of the speeches made on that day.

A few weeks ago my niece, my sister's daughter, who lives with me, decided to be married. So between all these things, I have had no time to attend to my own affairs.

There are no words in which to express my gratitude to you and Mr. Ram Gopal for what you have done in making my father's works known in far off India.

I have read Mr. Sarda's "Foreword", your "Appreciation", and Mr. Ram Gopal's "Introduction", with the deepest emotion. Such words of appreciation of my father give me the greatest happiness that I can know. You have my deepest and most heartfelt gratitude.

Thanking you again and again, and with every good wish to you and your pen,

Gratefully Yours.
Maud R. Ingersoll Probasco."

August 14.

With regard to the above book, the following from far off Australia received recently should be of interest:

R. E. Leinster,
Mareeba,
North Queensland, Australia.
31st July, 1956.

"Dear Sir,

I have seen a copy of a book "Selections from Ingersoll" printed in Bangalore in 1931, and I am writing to ask if copies of this edition can be obtained. I have had other editions, but this one is the best, and I would very much like to have a copy. If new copies are not available, I would be glad to have even a second hand copy. Would you kindly advise me of the position and cost of any book available?

Yours Sincerely,
E. R. Leinster.

GIFTED

If someone asked you on which day of the week December 17th, 1957, falls, could you give the correct answer immediately?

Probably not, but in Essex lives an eleven-year-old boy who has developed such an amazing memory that he can tell you at once that it falls on a Tuesday! He is blind, unable to walk, and his hands are crippled, but his feats of memory have astounded his relatives and the doctors who attend him.

In his mind he has a complete road map of Britain. He can tell you, for instance, what route to take from London to Birmingham, what towns you pass through, and the mileages!

This wonder boy was born a spastic and at first the doctors gave him only eighteen months to live, but to-day, despite his terrible handicaps, he is thriving.

Not since Gerald Charlton, an Oklahoma schoolboy, astounded people by memorizing 5000 numbers in the telephone book, has a boy been known to possess such a prodigious memory. Subscribers used to test Gerald by quoting numbers and asking names and addresses. He never failed!

13

Are you superstious? If you are, this (July 2nd week) should be quite a week for you, for it contains the third Friday the thirteenth of the year.

In America, superstition of Friday the thirteenth was so rife at one time that a special committee was set up to deal with it. It was called the "National Committee of Thirteen," its aim to abolish all the dread and fear associated with the day.

Said founder Nick Matsoukas; "Every Friday the thirteenth, thousands of people won't work, business men refuse to do deals, thousands refuse to shop, while some even go to the length of refusing to leave their homes."

In London, before the war, every Friday the thirteenth marked an important meeting of the "Thirteen Club."

The thirteen members of the club would meet at one o'clock—the thirteenth hour—and from then on would defy all the superstitions they could think of. They would spill salt, break mirrors, light three cigarettes with one light, in fact, the lot!

The I. A. S. R.

The International Academy of Sanskrit Research has reason to believe that Sanskrit Culture embodies a full-blown and reigning civilisation of the past,

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SRI PURANDARA DASA

India is a land of great sages and seers, of leaders of thought and men of action, of gurus and chelas, of divine musicians like Lord Krishna, and bhaktas like Ramdas, Tyagaraja and Dikshitar. The latter were mystics, and wove words of devotion and wisdom into their songs.

These songs have been sung over centuries, and are so pregnant with meaning and devotion that they are cherished even today. To such a galaxy belongs Purandara Dasa who lived from 1484 te 1564 A.D.

Purandara Dasa is regarded as an incarnation of Narada. In the Kannada-speaking areas, his kritis are looked upon as Vedas themselves. In fact they call them "Purandaropanishad."

Purandara strongly criticised the then existing customs and ways of life. By singing hundreds of thousands of songs in the most simple language, usually in Madhyama Kaala and in numerous taalas, this saintly musician re-kindled bhakti in numerous homes in India.

It would be no exaggeration to say that Purandara Dasa rescued our musical culture from decadence.

He also brought a new method of teaching music to the musical world of South India. Accordingly, he was called "Pitamaha" (Father) of Carnatic music.

Purandara Dasa's early life shows, that he came to the musical world by accident. Varadappa Naik, a business magnate of Purandaragada near Humpi and his wife were blessed with a son after many years of prayer. They named the child Srinivasa.

His pet names were Seenappa, Hariyappa and Timmappa. Great care and affection were showered upon this babe. Pandits came to teach him Sanskrit, Kannada and the sacred music in which he soon attained proficiency. When Seenappa attained his 16th year he was married to one Saraswathi Bai.

Within four years of this marriage, the parents of Dasa passed away, and the young man took up the profession of his father. They were jewellers.

Soon he became rich. As his wealth increased he became more and more miserly, interested in hoarding money.

But Saraswathi Bai was religiously and philanthropically disposed. She wanted her husband to show udaaraguna or generosity to the poor and the needy. The story goes, that one day a Brahmin asked him some money for conducting the sacred thread ceremony of his son.

Dasa sent him away time and again. So the man went to his wife who immediately gave away a nose-screw—a jewelled ornament—and asked the man to sell it and get the required amount of money.

The man went to Dasa to sell the ornament. The merchant's shrewd eyes immediately knew that the ornament was his wife's. No one in the vicinity had as good a gem. He sent a messenger and asked him to fetch his wife's nose-screw.

When she heard this, in a moment of fear she went to her private apartment and poured some poison into a cup and was about drink it when she beheld a shining nose-screw in the cup.

She instantly felt that Anatha Rakshaka, who had saved Draupadi ages before, had come to her rescue too. She prayed to him, washed the jewel and sent it Dasa.

Dasa could not believe his eyes and ran to her and asked her how two identical nose-screws could be found. She narrated the whole story.

This was a turning point in Seenappa's career.

Dasa renounced all his wealth and spontaneously sang a song praising Hari (in Athana raga) and did penance. In one of the stanzas he says that he had wasted thirty years of his life in pursuit of vanity.

One day Dasa saw the Lord in his dream. After this he went to the holy sage, Vyasaraya, who acknowledged him as Hari Dasa. This incident occurred when Dasa was 40 years old.

After this the songs sung by him had the ending or "Mudra" of Purandara Vittal. This was the period after which Carnatic Music took its modern form under its Pitamaha.

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Vadiraja Tirtha wanted to show people his greatness. So he called Dasa and when all the Brahmins sat down to take food, he humorously asked whether Dasa had taken his bath in the Ganges. A jealous Brahmin retorted that Ganges would come near Dasa whenever he wished.

Purandara replied that God would not disprove the statements of his bhaktas and closed his eyes. The men saw that the vessels were filled with water till he stopped supply by singing the song "Ganga." Such is the power of music when there are devotees like Dasa.

Dasa realised the necessity of having "Arambhapatha" or training in music. People used to teach the sargam with Chatusruti syllables after Sa, Pa and Sa. This was known as Kharaharapriya and was difficult for beginners to learn.

In other parts of the country, they were taught in Deergha swaras, except in the case of Madhyama swara Dasa wrote down the Swaravali and Alankara so as to facilitate practice of the seven taalas in the raaga, Maya Malavagowla. Perhaps the South is the only place in India where sargam of this particular type is taught to this day.

This raaga has dwisruti notes. With Prati Madyama, the raaga became Pantuvarali. And the ri of Mayamalavagowla gave the scale of Rasikapriya, and with its ni, Kanakangi is obtained.

Thus the beginning and the end of the Mela Karta raags could be derived by a scholar like Venkatamakhi who enunciated the scheme of 79 Mela raags and Janya for Carnatic music in a later period in his work "Chaturdandi-Prakasika." After the publication of this work at the end of the 17th century, Carnatic music took a new form.

This adapted a new technique different from what Kabir, Tulsi, Meera and Sur Das have used. Purandara's style provided a link between the two types. Dasa was not satisfied with mere scales. He wrote down a syllabus for teaching music.

He composed Lakshya and Makhanagitas. Of these, we have only a few in our hands. He has also composed some Tana Varnams and Tillanas which developed in the hands of Adippa Iyah.

Some of the Padams of Purandara have Nayaka Nayaki Bhava—that is, he considered himself as a devotee waiting for the Lord. In this type too he stands as an equal to Kshetragna. Had there not been the difference in langnage one could easily mistake the one for the other.

Purandara visited different shrines and travelled from the Himalayas down to Cape Comorin three times. This probably gave him a wider outlook and thus, instead of sticking to a few raagas, he brought in some rare raagas. Some of these are Dvijavanti, Syama Kalyani, Madhumadhavi and Vasantha Bhairavi.

(*Continued on page 6*)

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India is a land of great sages and seers, of leaders of thought and men of action, of gurus and chelas, of divine musicians like Lord Krishna, and bhaktas like Ramdas, Tyagaraja and Dikshitar. The latter were mystics, and wove words of devotion and wisdom into their songs.

These songs have been sung over centuries, and are so pregnant with meaning and devotion that they are cherished even today. To such a galaxy belongs Purandara Dasa who lived from 1484 te 1564 A.D.

Purandara Dasa is regarded as an incarnation of Narada. In the Kannada-speaking areas, his kritis are looked upon as Vedas themselves. In fact they call them "Purandaropanishad."

Purandara strongly criticised the then existing customs and ways of life. By singing hundreds of thousands of songs in the most simple language, usually in Madhyama Kaala and in numerous taalas, this saintly musician re-kindled bhakti in numerous homes in India.

It would be no exaggeration to say that Purandara Dasa rescued our musical culture from decadence.

He also brought a new method of teaching music to the musical world of South India. Accordingly, he was called "Pitamaha" (Father) of Carnatic music.

Purandara Dasa's early life shows, that he came to the musical world by accident. Varadappa Naik, a business magnate of Purandaragada near Humpi and his wife were blessed with a son after many years of prayer. They named the child Srinivasa.

His pet names were Seenappa, Hariyappa and Timmappa. Great care and affection were showered upon this babe. Pandits came to teach him Sanskrit, Kannada and the sacred music in which he soon attained proficiency. When Seenappa attained his 16th year he was married to one Saraswathi Bai.

Within four years of this marriage, the parents of Dasa passed away, and the young man took up the profession of his father. They were jewellers.

Soon he became rich. As his wealth increased he became more and more miserly, interested in hoarding money.

But Saraswathi Bai was religiously and philanthropically disposed. She wanted her husband to show udaaraguna or generosity to the poor and the needy. The story goes, that one day a Brahmin asked him some money for conducting the sacred thread ceremony of his son.

Dasa sent him away time and again. So the man went to his wife who immediately gave away a nose-screw—a jewelled ornament—and asked the man to sell it and get the required amount of money.

The man went to Dasa to sell the ornament. The merchant's shrewd eyes immediately knew that the ornament was his wife's. No one in the vicinity had as good a gem. He sent a messenger and asked him to fetch his wife's nose-screw.

When she heard this, in a moment of fear she went to her private apartment and poured some poison into a cup and was about drink it when she beheld a shining nose-screw in the cup.

She instantly felt that Anatha Rakshaka, who had saved Draupadi ages before, had come to her rescue too. She prayed to him, washed the jewel and sent it Dasa.

Dasa could not believe his eyes and ran to her and asked her how two identical nose-screws could be found. She narrated the whole story.

This was a turning point in Seenappa's career.

Dasa renounced all his wealth and spontaneously sang a song praising Hari (in Athana raga) and did penance. In one of the stanzas he says that he had wasted thirty years of his life in pursuit of vanity.

One day Dasa saw the Lord in his dream. After this he went to the holy sage, Vyasaraya, who acknowledged him as Hari Dasa. This incident occurred when Dasa was 40 years old.

After this the songs sung by him had the ending or "Mudra" of Purandara Vittal. This was the period after which Carnatic Music took its modern form under its Pitamaha.

When Seenappa, the merchant-prince began to sing, people thought that he had gone mad. Dasa did not go near the deity on Ekadasi-day at Udapi. On the next day during the pooja, too, he was absent.

Vadiraja Tirtha wanted to show people his greatness. So he called Dasa and when all the Brahmins sat down to take food, he humorously asked whether Dasa had taken his bath in the Ganges. A jealous Brahmin retorted that Ganges would come near Dasa whenever he wished.

Purandara replied that God would not disprove the statements of his bhaktas and closed his eyes. The men saw that the vessels were filled with water till he stopped supply by singing the song "Ganga." Such is the power of music when there are devotees like Dasa.

Dasa realised the necessity of having "Arambhapatha" or training in music. People used to teach the sargam with Chatusruti syllables after Sa, Pa and Sa. This was known as Kharaharapriya and was difficult for beginners to learn.

In other parts of the country, they were taught in Deergha swaras, except in the case of Madhyama swara. Dasa wrote down the Swaravali and Alankara so as to facilitate practice of the seven taalas in the raaga, Maya Malavagowla. Perhaps the South is the only place in India where sargam of this particular type is taught to this day.

This raaga has dwisruti notes. With Prati Madyama, the raaga became Pantuvarali. And the ri of Mayamalavagowla gave the scale of Rasikapriya, and with its ni, Kanakangi is obtained.

Thus the beginning and the end of the Mela Karta raags could be derived by a scholar like Venkatamakhi who enunciated the scheme of 79 Mela raags and Janya for Carnatic music in a later period in his work "Chaturdandi-Prakasika." After the publication of this work at the end of the 17th century, Carnatic music took a new form.

This adapted a new technique different from what Kabir, Tulsi, Meera and Sur Das have used. Purandara's style provided a link between the two types. Dasa was not satisfied with mere scales. He wrote down a syllabus for teaching music.

He composed Lakshya and Makhanagitas. Of these, we have only a few in our hands. He has also composed some Tana Varnams and Tillanas which developed in the hands of Adippa Iyah.

Some of the Padams of Purandara have Nayaka Nayaki Bhava—that is, he considered himself as a devotee waiting for the Lord. In this type too he stands as an equal to Kshetragna. Had there not been the difference in langnage one could easily mistake the one for the other.

Purandara visited different shrines and travelled from the Himalayas down to Cape Comorin three times. This probably gave him a wider outlook and thus, instead of sticking to a few raagas, he brought in some rare raagas. Some of these are Dvijavanti, Syama Kalyani, Madhumadhavi and Vasantha Bhairavi.

(*Continued on page 6*)

MAHATHMA GANDHI

(As there was a printing mistake in the last issue, it is reprinted.)

Last month we published a few letters from Mrs. Annie Besant and from Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America.

Here is one received from Mahatma Gandhi from Yarrawada Central Prison, Poona:

"Dear Friend,

I thank you for your letter and Ingersoll's Selected Speeches. I hope to read them in due course.

Y.C.P.
25-1-39.

Yours Sincerely,
M. K. Gandhi.

Sjt. G. R. Josyer, M.A. etc.
Mysore, S. India.

Mrs. ANNIE BESANT

Another letter from Mrs. Annie Besant:

Adyar, Madras.
Aug. 29. 1915.

"Dear Mr. Josyer

I am always glad to address Madras students. Your friend wrote to me about the report, but I had arranged to have a verbatim one taken, as I did not know beforehand that your friend would be there. I so wrote him and sent him a couple of copies of the Ethics. I will order a couple to be sent to you.

Thanking you for your kind thought of me,

I am,
Sincerely Yours,
ANNIE BESANT.

Mrs. SAROJINI NAIDU

Staff Quarters,
Mysore.

"To the newly formed assiciation of Mysore Journalists I send a message of cordial greetings and good wishes. I regret that it was not possible for me to accede to their request for an inaugural Address owing to pressure of engagements during my too brief and too crowded visit to the city. But my sympathetic interest in Journalists and their responsible vocation is well known to all. I believe that in modern times the journalists are among the prominent moulders of public sentiment and opinion—for good or bad. It therefore behoves every journalist to realise the duty of his high calling, and to dedicate his tatent to maintain the purest and noblest tradition of journalistic enterprise and achievement. I hope that the

Journalists' Association of Mysore will set an example to similar associations elsewhere by the dignity, restraint, accuracy, and ability of their work whether in the vernacular or in the English tongue.

G. R. Josyer, Esq.
President,
Mysore Journalists' Association, Mysore.

SAROJINI NAIDU.
8th August, 1934.

* * *

M. A. JINNAH

Savoy Hotel,
Ootacamund,
12th May, 1920.

"Dear Mr. Josyer,

I am in receipt of your two letters and I thank you for your good wishes. I delayed replying as I did not know exactly whether we could stay in Bangalore for a few days on our way to Bombay. Now that my engagements are fixed, I am sorry to say that we shall be only passing through, and therefore there will be no time for participating in any of the functions you mention, though of course we would have liked it to be otherwise.

G. R. Josyer, Esq.
M.A., F.R.E.S.
Young Citizen's Council, Bangalore.

With kind regards,
Yours Very Truly,
M. A. JINNAH."

* * *

But ultimately he did address a public meeting in the Government High School Quadrangle in Bangalore.

* * *

Mrs. R. JINNAH

"Dear Mr. Josyer,

I received a letter a couple of days back from the Hon. Secretary of the Ladies' Association, the purpose of which I have no doubt you are already aware of. As it arrived about dinner time, I just glanced through it and left it on the mantle piece—to find, alas! that it had blown into the deadly fire—or at least I presume so, as there were absolutely no traces of it. I therefore appeal to you to address the enclosed to the Hon. Secretary, of the Ladies' Association.

It is so good of you to offer to arrange an excursion to the Gold Mines. I would have loved it—but our stay is only for a few hours and hence it is quite impossible.

With my kindest regards,

Yours Sincerely,
R. JINNAH."

(*Continued from page* 3.)

But he usually preferred to sing in Jampa or Chapu tala. which lent itself to Bhajan singing. The genius of this master craftsman of music is best seen in the "suladi" type of music. This is an elaborate form of kirtana sometimes sung in Raga Malika or even in Sapta talas, but is rarely sung these days.

It makes one wonder what inexhaustible energy this man had to be perfect in so many branches of the musical art at one and the same time. This energy came from the love he had for Hari. For those who came after him, especially the renaissance artists, his name itself was an enlightenment.

Purandara had a daughter and four sons. The fourth son was also a great bhakta. It is said that this child was asked to offer prasad to Maruthi (Hanuman). The child sat before the stone god and would not move away till the offerings were accepted.

When Dasa heard of this marvel, he would not believe it. So he went himself asked the boy to repeat it to him. And the god opened his mouth and ate the offering. This boy was called Madhavapathi and he was Dasa's favorite son.

For some time Dasa stayed in a temple and obtained his sanyasa. On the Pushya Amavasya day of Raktakshi year, 1564 A.D., Dasa attained moksha.

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ELIXIR OF LIFE

Scientists are planning to step up research next year in a new attempt to discover the so-called "elixir of life"—the secrets of longevity which, once known, might lead to the extension of human life to a hundred years and beyond.

A fantastic dream Perhaps. But the fact remains that some scientists now believe that an infallible way to prolong human life will be found.

An American expert on old age, Dr. Theodore G. Klumpp, has startled America's health experts by saying that a life span of 146 is a practical possibility if medical science continues to progress at its present rate.

He quoted the case of a Danish sailor named Dragenburg, who got married at the age of 111. He out-lived his wife, and proposed at 130 to another woman, but was rejected. After that he lived on for another sixteen years!

"If one man can live as full a life as this, there's no reason why science cannot make it possible eventually for many more of us to marry at 111 and live to 146," said Dr. Klumpp.

To-day we are living longer than ever before. By finding a way of checking the decay of brain cells and the consequent decay of the intricate muscles and organs the brain controls, science may soon begin io rejuvenate mankind.

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DYING RICH

It was Andrew Carnegie, the fabulous U.S. steel tycoon, who told his fellow financial barons in 1889: "The man who dies rich dies disgraced."

By that test Carnegie died an honoured man indeed. Heeding his own dictum, he spent the last ten years of his life feverishly giving away 200 million dollars to good causes all over the world!

Towards the end still "stuck" with 200 million dollars and fearful of dying rich, he set up eight charitable foundations to distribute his remaining wealth after his death.

Since then, wealthy men in the U S. and Canada have been establishing foundations at an ever increasing rate. When Carnegie died in 1919 there were scarcely a dozen charitable foundations in the U.S.

Today it is estimated there are about 30,000! Charitable giving, it is clear, has become big business.

Most foundations are swell outfits and hardly figure in the flood of philanthropic dollars dispensed each year. Yet those which do keep the stream flowing muster some pretty impressive figures.

According to a recent survey of the American Foundations Information Service, there are 7,300 active foundations in the U.S. with total assets estimated at a staggering 5,000,000,000 dollars!

Nor does this include the giant Ford Foundation whose treasury of 3,000,000,000 dollars dwarfs that of any other foundation.

The same growth is also evident, though on a smaller scale, in Canada.

This seemingly bottomless reservoir of riches is growing so rapidly that any estimate of its size is almost bound to be obsolete by the time it is published. Each year new records are set in the size of bounty distributed to causes around the globe.

In 1955, a peak year, U.S. and Canadian foundations gave away an estimated 970 million dollars in grants of varying sizes. At the top of the list was the Ford Foundation which recently handed out 500 million dollars to colleges, hospitals and medical schools, the largest single philanthrophic gift in history.

Where does the money go? To a vast variety of causes, some zany, but the majority highly laudable.

In New Jersey, the Burroughes foundation provides suppers for improvident newsboys. In Kansas, the Emma Robinson fund provides Christmas dinners for horses.

In Missouri, the "Covered Wagon" fund, set up to aid western frontiersmen, now aids travellers. In New York, the Robert Randall fund supports "aged, decrepit, and worn-out sailors." In Philadelphia, the Archibald Thompson fund gives away 2,000 loaves of bread to the poor each year.

Most foundations, however, shun such direct relief. The large, experienced foundations prefer to devote their resources to causes which are of incalculable value to vast groups of people.

They consider their funds to be the "venture capital" of philanthrophy, to be used for pioneering exploration in such fields as education, social welfare, medicine and public health.

Education, especially higher education, continues to be the dominant field in which foundations are interested.

The chronic U.S. shortage of college instructors, for example, was tackled in spectacular fashion by the Ford Foundation recently when it gave away 260 million dollars to 615 universities to raise faculty salaries and thus attract new teaching blood.

On a lesser scale, foundations are sponsoring adult education, better teaching pro-

grammes, and helping thousands of bright students attain university education.

In Ontario, hundreds of deserving high school graduates each year are able to enter university because of aid through the Atkinson Charitable Foundation bursary programme. One of the Foundation's largest grants—200,000 dollars—enabled Carleton College in Ottawa to launch a school of public administration, providing trained personnel for public service.

Often such foundation aid is far-reaching, ignoring national boundaries. Many a Canadian community, for example, still has its "Carnegie library," commemorating the vast programme financed by the Carnegie foundation to build public libraries throughout the world.

In social welfare, foundations have built orphanages, helped crippled children, set up programmes for the aged, launched studies of race relations and civil liberties, and helped local welfare groups in thousands of communities.

In medicine and public health, foundation grants have made possible the development of penicillin, insulin, the Salk polio vaccine, and the conquest of typhus and yellow fever.

They have built hospitals, trained doctors and are financing literally hundreds of medical research programmes in heart disease, cancer, mental illness and other diseases.

Nor is their interest confined to such specific fields. Sometimes when an emergency arises, a foundation may step in to fill the financial breach more promptly and effectively than other groups.

In an area beyond the resources of an individual donor or beyond the scope of government, a foundation fills a pressing need.

"There is a very important place for such flexible organisations," says Robert Hutchins, head of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic.

"They can move around, figure out what ought to be done, and then do it rapidly, with a minimum of red tape."

A dramatic example of such foundation flexibility was seen in Ontario during the disastrous Hurricane Hazel of 1954. Hundreds lay dead or injured, thousands were temporarily homeless, and the need for immediate aid was vital.

The flood waters had barely receded and relief forces were still being organised when the Atkinson Charitable Foundation stepped in promptly with a grant of 250,000 dollars—its largest ever—to help flood victims.

In Stratford early this year, the Shakespearean Festival group, faced with the rapid deterioration of its tent theatre, appealed for funds to build a permanent structure.

One of the first groups to respond was the Bickell Foundation, whose cheque for 100,000 dollars helped to assure Canada of a permanent Stratford theatre. The Atkinson Charitable Foundation added another 50,000 dollars to this cause.

This use of private wealth for public good is as old as history itself. The pharaohs established funds in perpetuity for religious purposes. Plato set up a fund which for 900 years financed his academy.

(Continued on page 5)

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Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya

Benares Hindu University,
19th October, 1927.

Dear Sir,

I heartily approve your proposal to publish the "Sanskrit Men of Letters" series, and thank you for inviting me to contribute a volume to the series. I regret however that the work on my hand will not permit me to have the pleasure of complying with your request.

Wishing every success to your venture.

Yours Sincerely,

M. M. MALAVIYA.

G. R. Josyer, M.A., F.R.E.S.
Mysore.

* * *

Rt. Hon'ble Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, P. C.

19 Albert Road,
23rd February, 1946.

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your letter of the 19th instant. I am the last person who should be approached in connection with any sacred book of the Hindus. I practically know nothing about the Rigveda, except what I have read in English translations, and it would be grossly impudent on my part to write anything about a subject about which I know nothing. I therefore beg you to excuse me if I cannot comply with your request. Nevertheless I thank you for thinking of me in this connection.

Yours Truly,

TEJ BAHADUR SAPRU.

G. R. Josyer, Esq. M.A., F.R.E.S.
Fellow, Mysore University, Mysore.

* * *

Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastry. P. C.

I

Parvati Vilas, The Luz,
Mylapore. 30-3-27.

Dear Sir,

Please take my most heartfelt thanks for a copy of your book on "Sociology", and for the flattering sentiments of the letter advising me of it. It is very kind of you to remember me as a temporary resident of your city.

Yours Sincerely,

V. S. SRINIVASAN.

II

43 Carrie Road,
Durban, 9-11-27.

Dear Mr. Josyer,

I hope you will succeed in your literary enterprise. It was good of you to think of me in regard to it. But I haven't the equipment necessary for one to participate in it, and it is not possible for me now to acquire it.

I thank you all the same for honouring me with a proposal.

Yours Sincerely,
V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRY.
Agent to the Govt. of India in South Africa.

* * *

Dr. Sir J. C. BOSE.

Bose Institute,
93 Upper Circular Road,

Calcutta,
26th January, 1928.

Dear Sir,

Please accept my sincere thanks for sending me your most interesting work. I am looking forward to the pleasure of reading it.

G. R. Josyer, M.A., F.R.E.S.
Member of the Royal Society of Literature,
Great Britain.

Yours Truly,
J. C. BOSE.

(*Continued from page* 3.)

During the Middle Ages, many monasteries and churches in England were supported by endowments, and, in Europe, church foundations grew powerful.

But the modern foundation, doing good on a massive scale, is the social invention of North America.

The rapid growth of the U.S. in the last half of the 19th century made possible the accumulation of vast private fortunes. Rich men, seeking ways to dispose of surplus wealth, began setting up foundations.

The first major one was the Peabody fund, set up by George Peabody in 1867, whose 2,000,000 dollars were to be spent on the advancement of education in the South.

By 1900 there were six major foundations operating in the U.S. Then Carnegie, with his gospel that millionaires should be "trustees for the poor," set up his eight foundations and set off a flurry of foundation development.

The depression wiped out or reduced most of this surplus wealth and a new type of foundation began to emerge. The "family" foundation in which the urge to do good was spurred by the hovering presence of the tax collector!

In the decade before World War II, foundations sprang up at the rate of 33 a year, double that of the 1920's. Yet their fastest growth was yet to come!

HUMAN HAIR

This is a vintage year for human hair in the Italian villages and hamlets of the Apennine Valley, where women and girls every year part with their long tresses for cash.

Men who trade in human hair, which is needed for wig making, recently returned from their annual tour of the area and reported that the hair is stronger as well as better in texture than ever before!

Many an attractive Italian girl obtains her dowry money by selling her tresses to a dealer. An Italian peasant with eight daughters obtained enough cash to buy a modest new home for them by allowing a dealer to snip off their eleven-inch tresses.

Wigmakers are forced to seek human hair on the Continent because the pigmentation of English hair is so delicate that it will not stand up to the curling and processing needed for wigs.

Blonde hair is always scarce. The most valuable hair is white. When it was especially rare in 1945, one London merchant, whose family has been in the hair business for nearly a century, was paying £5 an ounce! In one deal before the war this merchant sold an American two tons of human hair!

In some parts of France hair "markets" are held. Women and girls willing to sell their hair come to them, and after the terms have been fixed, the buyer gets busy with his scissors, placing the valuable tresses carefully in a sack.

In Austria a girl with lovely golden hair allowed it to grow to the amazing length of five feet. Then she offered it to the highest bidder and received £400. The hair was sent to Hollywood and converted into a wig for a film star.

But the girl's fiance was very angry with her!

RADIO-ACTIVE WATERS

Rheumaticky men and women suffering from prematurely stiffened or inflamed joints and even partial paralysis are now enjoying daily dips in Hungary's radio active lake at Heviz.

Stripped down, they throw themselves into the radio-active waters. The curative properties which abound there are fast winning world repute. At the main clinic, built beside the lake's shores, Dr. Miclos Kun deals with 2,500 patients every three weeks.

Many are amazed by their cures. They take their treatment daily, merely by bathing in the lake, in water which seldom falls below 81 degrees F.

This remarkable warmth derives from the sulphur and radium contained in these waters. Divers sent down to examine the lake's bed found a huge open crater, twenty fathoms deep, from which these metallic properties originate. Health resorts, as well as clinics and convalescent centres, now border the lake. No charge is made for the radio-active dips.

At the main clinic a special weight suspension course is held for spinal cases. Dr. Kun orders a daily "weight bath," to which the patient goes naked, except for a leather belt, to which weights are attached. The patient is then suspended by the neck and armpits in a wooden harness, which floats upon the radio-active waters. There he remains for about thirty minutes daily, while his backbone is pulled straight by the weights and the radio-active water infuses fresh fibres!

This method has given new sprightliness to many slipped disc victims. Clinics in Hungary, which once operated immediately in such cases, now wait until a patient has first undergone radio-active baths.

Other parts of the lake are shared by glamorous Hungarian bathing girls and lotus flowers, which grow to tremendous beauty and size!

HISTORY OF MYSORE
AND THE
YADAVA DYNASTY

BY

G. R. JOSYER, M.A. HONS., F.R.E.S.

AUTHOR

"Sociology.", "Politics, Philosophy, and Phantasy," Etc.

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INSTITUT HISTORIQUE ET HERALDIQUE DE FRANCE, FELLOW, MYSORE UNIVERSITY 1939-40
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THE NEAREST AGENT.

MIRACULOUS POWERS

From time to time nature produces human beings so extraordinary and with such miraculous powers that they completely baffle medical science. Such a case was that of a man taken recently to a London hospital with "electric" ears which crackled so loudly the noises could be heard several feet away.

According to the British Medical Journal, they "resembled the soft crackle of an electric spark, repeated at slightly irregular intervals at an average rate of from 24 to 32 per minute."

He was kept under observation for several months, and throughout the time the "electric" crackle was constantly heard—except when he was asleep. The cause of the phenomenon still remains a medical mystery.

In 1942 there was a man in Cleveland, Ohio hospital who possessed a brain which picked up wireless waves and heard a broadcast programme in his head. Indeed he was, in fact, a human radio!

However, to stop the nuisance a metal band was fitted round his head which screened him from the broadcast waves. But to this day medical men are unable to offer an explanation of the "wonder" brain.

In the gallery of strange people there is at least one case of a magnetic person. This was a twelve-year-old Russian peasant girl who lived in the Caucasus and magnetised practically every metal object within her immediate vicinity.

Small things moved as she walked past them. If she dropped a packet of pins, she just put her fingers among them and they clung to her skin! Although specialists came from nearly all over the world to try to solve the mystery, they all agreed that the girl was quite normal in every way except for her "magnetism."

It has long been known that there are odd individuals here and there whose bodies or systems do not observe the usual rules. Such a person is Joaquin Vienna.

Instead of growing up, he bewildered everybody by growing down. At his tallest he measured five feet four inches. But Joaquin Vienna began to shrink, and almost exactly at the rate of an inch a year. Within 14 years he lost 14 inches, being reduced to a height of only four feet two inches!

No solution to this mystery has ever been offered. Had he been unusually small or tall, his glands would have been blamed. But there is no gland in the human body which is known to cause a loss of height.

No doubt Abouel el Sayed, an 18-year-old soldier in the Eastern Forces, wished that his body had possessed a gland which could cause him to shrink. For Abouel became a walking "poplar," having reached the incredible height of ten feet three inches when he was 15 years of age!

Being so lengthy, he had to leave his job as a waiter, and seek employment where there was nothing above his head lower than the sky.

The most overburdened woman in the world must have been a Mrs. Ruth Pontico, of Tampa, Florida, who weighed 55 stones! As she was only five feet six inches tall, every foot of her body weighed, on the average, ten stones!

Excessive height and weight are by no means the only peculiarities of the human body. There are cases on record of a quite incredible strength accompanying great size. One such case is that of Robert Duke, an Australian.

At birth he was perfectly normal, but his rate of development was astonishing. At seven years of age he had to be shaved daily to keep in control his luxuriant growth of beard, and at eight he was lifting bags of

cement with ease. His father was six foot tall and strong in proportion, but the boy was only twelve when he surpassed his father's strength!

There have been several cases of individuals developing hiccups which have persisted until the patient died. This is obviously caused by the involuntary movement of a muscle due to a nerve that nothing can pacify.

But what is it that causes some individuals to fall asleep for months and even years, and whom nothing can waken?

A female Rip Van Winkle of this kind lived a quite normal life until she was 20 years old. A South African. her name was Anna Swrnepoel. One day she received the news that her lover had died. She responded by falling into a sleep which lasted 31 years!

She fell asleep in 1910 and regained consciousness in 1941. Throughout that time she lay in Randfontein Sanatorium, in the Transvaal. She was fed every two hours, but that did not prevent her from becoming so thin that she resembled a skeleton.

On waking she never once referred to her dead lover. She has recovered her health and strength and now lives quite normally.

Nor can it explain the curious case of the young American boy who has mirrored in his left eye the letter J and letter D in his right eye. The letters can be as clearly seen in the iris of his eyes as if they had been carved there.

Astoundingly, these are the initials of the name his parents chose for him before he was born.

The body is a wonderful instrument, but it is amazing what can happen to it when the usual natural laws do not appear to operate.

PRESS NOTE

Some newspapers have not given the full and correct version of the speeches of the Chief Minister made in Shimoga District during his recent tour on the 13th and 14th September 1956.

With regard to the sanctioning of works he said that Ministers cannot be accused of being partial to one place in preference to another, as the works are generally sanctioned by the subordinate Officers who are empowered to sanction them and that Government sanctions only works of considerable magnitude. He further stated that all the needs of Malnad cannot be satisfied in a year or two and that works have to be commenced at some place or the other depending upon the necessity of work and availability of funds. He also said that sanctioning of any particular work in a particular place should not be a ground for dissatisfaction. He appealed to the people to consider all works whether sanctioned in one place or the other as works started in pursuance of the scheme of Malnad development.

Referring to the petitions that are generally presented to the Ministers, he appealed to the people to seek redress in the first instance, from the local Officers concerned and to approach Government only when interference at the Government level is necessary. He further remarked that at least 50 per cent of the petitions would not have been presented to the Ministers, if the local Officers had been sympathetic and vigilant. He said that the bulk of the people judged the administration on the basis of what had been done for the benefit of the public in general, but the self-seekers judged the administration from the point of view of what they were able to secure for themselves and their dependants!

The Rationalist

SANSKRIT WISDOM

The moth plunges into the bright flame not knowing that it burns. The fish too, without suspecting the hook, swallows the fly. But men, knowing the evils of sensual indulgence, nevertheless persist in it. Inscrutable indeed is the way of human infatuation.

* * *

When one's reputation is fading, when one's wealth is dwindling, when mendicants have to be sent away empty-handed, when relatives are decreasing, and attendants are becoming fewer, and youth also is gone, it is best that one seek refuge in a hermitage on a hill-side washed by the waters of a sacred river.

* * *

A man who is high-born, who seeks the welfare of his soul, must seek spiritual knowledge, which will bring him ineffable joy.

* * *

He is good, he is intelligent, he is wise, he is righteous, whose mind is bent on the higher knowledge. The rest of mankind are no better than animals.

* * *

There are four door-keepers of salvation,—tranquillity, discrimination, cheerfulness, and association with the virtuous.

* * *

The man who realises that he is not mere flesh and blood, that he is not mere bones and nerves, that he is something apart from the body, will have overcome his inborn ignorance.

All efforts of the body as such will prov but vain efforts. All efforts of the mind, o the other hand, will prove fruitful.

* * *

The human body is a town, consisting blood, flesh, and bones. It has nine gat ways. It is made up of the five element earth, air, fire, water, and light. It has king, the sentient soul. He has two minister mutually antagonistic, intelligence and th mind, working for his ruin. Four enemie lust, anger, greed, and infatuation see his downfall. Only if he keeps his gateway well-guarded, would he be able to remai without fear and anxiety.

* * *

God's divine command hold sovereign an everlasting sway. Obedient to this the va wheel of the Universe revolves.

* * *

He is all-comprising, omnipotent, unsullie and unfettered by shape or form.

* * *

From Him who is the highest, noblest an purest, luminous intelligence, Soul is bor from Soul the Mind, from Mind the Univers

* * *

As motion is to air, as heat is to fire, cold is to dew, so life is to the Soul.

* * *

From life springs the mind, from mind th senses, from the senses the body, and fro the body's activities the accumulation *Karma*. By accumulation of karma resul heaven or hell, salvation or rebirth.

* * *

Karma pursues the being by rotation lik the seed producing the shoot, and the sho producing the seed.

G. R. Josyer

Dr. Sir S. SUBRAMANIER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

Dr. Sir S. Subramanier was a brilliant High Court Judge of Madras, Vice President of the Theosophical Society, and fervid patriot. In 1917 when Mrs. Annie Besant was arrested as President of the Home Rule League, he discarded his K.C.I.E., and sent back its jewelled medal by post to the Viceroy. They threatened to stop his pension of Rs. 1000 per month, and he retorted that he had earned it, and would sue them if they stopped it.

While in the Madras Presidency College in 1913–16 we got to know him,—he was old and infirm—and used to visit him almost every evening, and spend an hour in conversation.

He entertained kindly regard for us, and his first words on our visits used to be, "Come on, Mr. Josyer" and "*Josyer vandaar, toast konduvada*," to his attendants, and we would be treated to toast and coffee, on the upstairs of "Beach House", on the Marina, next to Queen Mary's College. After our return to Mysore, we kept up a correspondence, and give below a few out of his letters.

I

BEACH HOUSE,
Mylapore, Madras, 1917.

"My Dear Friend,

Your letter of the 16th instant just to hand. I shall be very happy if you find it convenient to write a few lines about "Pranava Vada" in your monthly journal,—(The Mysore Social Review" of which Mr. M. Venkatakrishniah—the Grand Old Man of Mysore, and we were Joint Editors.)

The new edition of the Geeta which will be ready in about a week will also be sent for review to you, and also "Yoga-deepika", which latter you are master of.

As to exercise, in addition to walking which is an excellent thing in itself, about 15 or 20 minutes, grip dumpbells and deep breathing before bath in the morning and before going to bed, I find very useful.

With compliments of the season,

Yours Sincerely,

S. SUBRAMANIER."

II

8–10–1917.

"My Dear Friend,

It would be mere prudery not to send you a line thanking you for what you have written the other day, and it would be utterly ungrateful to fail to convey to our revered friend Mr. Venkatakrishnaiah, avl, my obligation for the honour and generosity he has shown me.—(We had written in the "Hindu", that Madras should acknowledge his greatness with a statue and Mr. Venkatakrishnaiah had done so in the "Wealth of Mysore".)

All the same I must protest against the extravagant suggestion you have, with your usual neglect of other peoples' views, put forward. Surely if your wild, though absolutely affectionate proposal is to be carried out, it cannot but be taken that to become fit to be considered for the honour of a statue is the best proof of a life to be forgotten!

How are you getting on? When you think of sending me a line next, please do not omit to reply to this question.

With profound remembrances to our friends,

Yours Sincerely,

S. SUBRAMANIER."

7-5-1917.

"Dear Friend,

Please send me a small letter to Mr. Bonnerjee's daughter, your friend, introducing me to her.

[Mrs. Nalini Blair, daughter of W. C. Bonnerji, First President of the Congress, the proposal of whose name for Presidentship by Alan O' Hume Mr. Subramanier himself had seconded in 1885, when the Indian National Congress was launched in the Gokuldas Tejpal Sanskrit College Hall, Bombay, Bonnerji's daughter had married an Englishman and settled in Liverpool. W. C. Bonnerji was President of the Congress a second time in 1892.]

I intend to write to her asking her to place before 3 English Orientalists, Drs. Mcdonnell, Keith, etc., the Shuddha Dharma edition of the Geeta and obtain their opinion on it, and later on to act similarly with reference to future Shuddha-dharma publications. Please give me her address so that I may enclose your letter and write to her.

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours Sincerely,

S. SUBRAMANIER.

P.S: Do you know the names of one or two greatest American Orientalists connected with the Harvard University? If so please let me have their names and addresses."

Refering to us in his Foreword to Pranava Vada in 1915, he wrote:

"I may also invite the attention of English readers to the excellent and felicitous translation of the Preface, to which as also to the equally good rendering of the Karika, we are indebted to my young friend, G. R. Josyer of Mysore, whose expected brilliant literary career in the immediate future I contemplate with sincere satisfaction."

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Arkwright, who started life as a barber, was run out of Preston by the guilds for cutting his price. For thirty years he lived on the edge of starvation, cutting hair, making wigs and doing odd jobs. His wife died of malnutrition and his children never wore boots.

His second wife had a bank balance, but they squandered it between them. And by the time he was middle-aged he had only one suit, and that was so shabby that he never went out until it was dark.

He developed an idea for a spinning jenny —a machine that would spin carded cotton— and took it to a Preston philanthropist named Smalley. Smalley thought it was worth developing and paid Arkwright a weekly wage while he worked on the model.

In 1769 it was put on the market. Five years later Arkwright was wealthy, but the most detested man in Lancashire.

Then he invented a machine that handled raw thread at one end and gave out woven thread at the other. This made him so famous and so powerful that he was able to persuade Parliament to remove the excessive tax on cotton.

The workers, however, could see nothing but poverty ahead of them. His machines cut down manpower by over one half. They threatened his life. So Arkwright fearlessly met them and promised that, if only they would be patient, there would be work for all of them, far more than they could cope with.

They didn't believe him, broke the windows of his home, and even tried to smash his machines.

Arkwright was right, and the workers were wrong. The tax relief made cotton goods cheaper, the new machines turned it out faster than ever before. Orders rolled in from all parts of the world—orders so huge that, without his machines, the industry could not have coped with them. Factories doubled and trebled their staffs, and Lancashire rode on the crest of the wave!

Ten years after inventing his spinning jenny Arkwright owned a string of mills in Chorley. Then a disastrous fire destroyed them all. A few years earlier such a catastrophe would have thrown hundreds of workers on the scrap heap for years, but the other mills were able to absorb them, while Arkwright still had sufficient money to build more mills at Nottingham and bring prosperity to that city too!

Before he died he was employing 5000 people who, for the first time in their lives' knew the comfort of regular employment.

S. B.

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ACTORS AT WORK

Sri Kadidal Manjappa, Chief Minister, and his colleagues in the Cabinet met all the officers of the Secretariat recently. Addressing the Officers present, the Chief Minister said that it was only a different scene in the same drama that was being played with more or less the same actors. In the past they (the officers) had co-operated with the Ministry. They had helped them and he was confident that they would extend their co-operation in the future also. They knew each other very well, but it was worthwhile placing before them some of his experiences as a Minister for the last 4½ years. It was true that the bulk of the officers had changed their outlook after Independence, but still there were some who had not felt the change. That number was negligible. He thought it was his duty to bring to their notice the delay and red-tapism still prevailing. Both himself and his colleagues had done their best to minimise the delay and red-tapism, but in spite of it, they were still there. They had to strive utmost to eradicate red-tapism. He was sorry to observe that more importance seemed to have been attached to procedure than to the results to be achieved. It was necessary to think of amending the rules of procedure with a view to dispose of papers quickly. There were some people who thought that good administration consisted in putting queries and in writing objections. All should think that they were servants of the people. The object should be to help the people, no doubt, according to rules. Rules should be strictly followed. As was stated by Sri K. Hanumanthaiya, a few days ago, uniform treatment was the essence of good administration. People in general did not find fault with the Government if they did not readily solve big problems, but they would find fault if Government applied different principles to different individuals. The efficiency of the administration was judged by the way in which the people were treated. All people should be treated alike. While dealing with the public, his advice to the officers was, "Be polite, but at the same time, be firm, impartial and just." Many times they came across with interference at the hands of non-official leaders. The Chief Minister said that while they should be polite with non-officials, on no account should they allow themselves to be influenced by any person, however high-placed he may be. He could say with his experience as a Minister holding portfolios of two big departments, that it was better to be strict than try to please everybody. He referred to the crucical times that the State was passing through. A number of problems connected with the reorganisation of States had to be tackled. The problem of the Services, the political integration, the question of evolving a common set of rules and laws throughout the State, and the question of finance were all questions arising out of the States Reorganisation. These were problems that demanded the utmost attention from the Ministers and the Officers alike, and he hoped that he would have the unstinted co-operation of all sections of the Services in the stupendous task that lay ahead.

The Chief Secretary thanked the Chief Minister for his advice and assured him that on behalf of all the Services he would say that the same co-operation that was being extended would be continued, and that every effort would be made to minimise the evils instanced by the Chief Minister.

The Rationalist

"UTSAVA SANGRAHA"

"This sacred lore cleanses men from sin, and brings them salvation from worldly ills. For men who, in consequence of Karma, are lost in the sea of *Samsara* this is a rescue ship which takes them to a safe port. Like the divine tree, "Chintamani", which grants the desires of suppliants, the Pancharatra Shastra procures all that one desires in *Dharma, Kama, Artha* and *Moksha*. Like the Ganges among rivers, like Achuta among Gods, the Pancharatra is preeminent among the Shastras. He who worships God according to the Pancharatra tenets, will attain kyvalya and never again return to earth."

That is Pancharatra in the belief of its exponents. It is the form of worship evolved for the adoration of the Creator of the World, Vishnu, for the attainment of happiness during life and of salvation after death.

Its age there are no available means of judging. To measure its antiquity by the puny rod of the Christian era is like trying to measure the ocean depth by a yard-stick.

Pancharatragama, like other cultural material from India's great past, has come to us in fragments, much being lost during the cataclysms of the Yugas.

At its zenith Pancharatra seems to have comprised one and a half crores of stanzas!

"सार्धकोटि प्रमाणेन ब्रह्मणा केशवोद्गतम् ।
कपिलाय ददौब्रह्मा लक्षाणां पञ्चकं पुनः ॥
कपिलोपिच पद्माय प्रददौ लक्षमात्रया ।
पद्मोपि दत्तवान्मह्य मयुतग्रन्थ संख्यया ॥"

Says venerable and ancient Samvarta, preceptor of Sage Kanva, the foster-father of Shakuntala.

"Brahma received 1½ crores of stanzas from God. Sage Kapila received 5 lakhs of stanzas from Brahma. Kapila imparted one lakh to Padma, the serpent God. And Padma imparted to me 10,000 stanzas of this hoary system of Divine worship."

The range of Pancharatra literature is said now to extend to 108 Samhitas, dealing wisely, scientifically on scientific matters like the Engineering details of temple architecture and the art of casting images, and spiritually on the significance of the imagery, the modes of investing them with spiritual force, and the details of their diurnal, seasonal, and annual worships and festivals.

The volume we are now presenting constitutes the first part of "Utsava Sangraha", i.e., a compendium of the prescriptions from various samhitas for the celebration of the Utsavas of each month.

Its publication was made possible by a printing grant graciously made by Government on the advice of the Muzroi Department. Happening to be some years ago on the Board of the Maharaja's Samskrit College, Mysore, where training is imparted in Agama courses, I urged that, as there were no Agama works in print, if the Agama courses were to prove successful, it was necessary that Government should provide at least Rs. 5000 annually to bring out the most essential publications in Pancharatra, Vykhanasa and Shyvagamas. Government were pleased to order accordingly in 1953.

On a sum of Rs. 1000 being allotted to it, the International Academy of Sanskrit Research, Mysore, which is in possession of several valuable Agama manuscripts,—thanks to several donors,—brought out two useful

texts, "Alayanityarchana Paddhati"—आलय-नित्यार्चन पद्धतिः—dealing with the daily worship of God according to Pancharatra Agama, and "Mahotsava-Prayoga", (महोत्सव प्रयोगः) dealing with the annual Brahmotsava celebrations.

The rest of the government allotments during that year and 1954-55 seem to have lapsed! This year however Government were pleased to allot Rs. 1000 to the Academy for bringing out this volume, and we are glad to place before the public a work which has long been awaiting publication.

The manuscript of this sacred work was prepared by the late renowned His Holiness Sri Yatiraja Sampathkumara Jeer Swamy of Melkote Yatiraja Mutt, and on his demise was handed to us by Sri Asuri Srinivasiengar for publication.

The Muzroi Commissioner and the scholars of his Department were pleased to examine the manuscript, and on their recommendation Government graciously sanctioned Rs. 1000 towards its printing.

So this first volume of "Utsava Sangraha" sees the light of day.

We trust that temple authorities will introduce it to every temple in the land, so that the public worship of the Creator, Sustainer, and Destroyer of the Universe may be performed, not haphazardly and blindly, but as prescribed by the ancient sages and saints, for the peace, happiness, and salvation of mankind.

G. R. Josyer.
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THE UNITED STATES OF INDIA

After reorganisation of States as from Nov. 1, 1956, India will consist of 14 States —Andhra Pradesh, Assam, Bihar, Bombay, Jammu and Kashmir, Kerala, Madhya Pradesh, Madras, Mysore, Orissa, Punjab, Rajasthan, U.P. and West Bengal.

In addition there will be six centrally administered territories—Andaman and Nicobar Islands, Delhi, Himachal Pradesh, Laccadive and Amindive islands, Manipur and Tripura.

The institution of Rajpramukh will be abolished as also the distinction of States as A, B and C.

Following will be the area and population of the States :–

Andhra Pradesh, 110,250 sq. miles and 32·2 million population.

Assam 84,914 sq. miles and 9·0.

Bihar 67,830 sq. miles (approximately) and 38·93 (approx.)

Bombay 188,240 sq. miles and 47·8.

Jammu and Kashmir 92,780 sq. miles and 4·4.

Kerala 14,980 sq miles and 13·6.

Madhya Pradesh 171,200 sp. miles and 26·1.

Madras 50,170 sq. miles and 30·0.

Mysore 72,730 sq. miles and 19·0.

Orissa 60,140 sq. miles and 14·6.

Punjab 46,616 sq. miles and 16·0.

Rajasthan 132,300 sq. miles and 16·0.

Uttar Pradesh 113,410 sq. miles and 63·2.

West Bengal 33,279 sq. miles (approx.) and 26·16 (approx.)

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The Manager,
"Rationalist", Mysore.

OUR SISTER PLANET

"Scientists around the world recently peered into powerful telescopes in an attempt to discover some of the secrets of Mars, which is now closer to earth than at any time since 1924.

But, in the U.S. where the main observations are being made, overcast skies in the east hid the red planet last week and early today.

At this time Mars was estimated at 35,120,000 miles away. In August 1924 it was 34,700,000 miles away and it will be 1971 before it returns again to the 34-35 million mile range."

Reuter correspondent sent these reports of today's astronomical activity designed to add to the world's existing knowledge of the planet.

Mosco: Soviet astronomers were using television more sensitive than the human eye to try to determine if there is an atmosphere, oxygen and vegetation on Mars.

Main observations are being made at the Pulkovo Observatory, near Leningrad. Soviet scientists long interested in the planet believe that plant life exists on Mars and that its black spots are fields of vegetation.

Prof. Vsĕvolod Sharonov, a Russian astronomer, said that snow covering large areas of Mars has disappeared quickly and may have been melted "because of an unexpectedly rapid heat up."

Prof. Sharanov, heading a team observing Mars from an observatory near Tashkent, in Central Asia, said the phenomenon of the disappearing snow had never before been observed on Mars.

He said white spots on the planet could be white clouds or snow; no one had been able to state this with certainty.

New York: Overcast skies in the eastern part of the U.S. hid the planet from the naked eye.

The naval observatory at Washington made no special observation because of the weather. The 300 inch telescope of the Palomar University in California was not used on Mars.

Johannesburg: Mars was seen on television in South Africa for the first time. Scientists gazed at the planet on television at the Lamont Hussey Observatory on Natal Hill, overlooking Bloemfontein.

Dr. E. C. Slipher, world authority on Mars and a small band of assistants and technical experts watched on a miniature television screen a little white bouncing object, no bigger than a gold ball but representing Mars-4,220 miles in diameter and more than 35 million miles away.

With the naked eye Mars appeared as a scintillating orange pin-point of light. Through a telescope, vague lines could be seen.

Dr. Slipher had followed a giant yellow cloud across the planet's surface for about a week. He said conditions were exceptionally good.

Effective observations of Mars could be made until December, although the planet would be drawing away fast from now on.

Tokyo: Japanese scientists keeping the planet under constant observation have been following a huge yellowish cloud, believed to be a sandstorm on the surface of Mars.

Dr. Sadao Murayama of the National Observatory said the cloud was apparently from one of the many deserts believed to be situated on Mars.

Tokyo observatory said Mars to day was obscured by clouds at first, but they later cleared and the planet was seen at approximately double its normal size.

About 1,000 amateur astronomers gathered tonight at the Tokyo Science Museum to watch the planet.

Astronomers in Sicily although favourably situated to observe the planet, have been unable to take satisfactory photographs because of dust in the atmosphere caused by the dry hot Sicilian summer.

HISTORY OF MYSORE
AND THE
YADAVA DYNASTY

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G. R. JOSYER, M.A. HONS., F.R.E.S.

AUTHOR

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Modern Review, Calcutta.

"A Splendid History." Dr. Sir C. R. Reddy, Pro-Chancellor.

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EDITOR: YAJURVEDA II VOLS. & RIGVEDA PADA; EDITOR "RATIONALIST.

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Registered No. M. 4359.

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VOL. XVI No. 52] Monday 8-10-1956 [PRICE 0—1—6.

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TWINS

Patients in a Suffolk hospital used to rub their eyes in astonishment and think they were seeing double when pretty, identical twins, eighteen-year-old Fay and Hilary Woods, were taking a pre-nursing training course there.

Sometimes Fay would be seen to walk out at one end of a ward seconds before her sister appeared at the other. The girls have dressed exactly alike since babyhood, even to such details as identical neck-laces, and they were made joint captains during their last year at school.

Now the twins have gone to another hospital as trainee nurses and once more they are puzzling doctors and staff who constantly get them mixed up. But if the problem of identification becomes too acute, the doctors will be able to enlist the aid of the twins' elder sister, Pat, who is also on the staff of the hospital.

Identical twins have for some years been the subject of fascinating research in various parts of the world. Extraordinary instances of what appears to be telepathy between some identical twins have been discovered.

An eminent doctor reported on twins who got the same answers in written examinations so regularly that they were accused of cheating. They were given a stiff test—and still their answers were so alike that even the wording of sentences was identical.

About thirty years ago a "twin matinee" attracted world-wide attention when it was given in a New York theatre in honour of a pair of lovely twin actresses then starting in a musical comedy called "Two Little Girls in Blue."

The management extended free invitations to twins of both sexes to attend the performance. They turned up in force and several scientists were also present to see what happened.

"The reactions of the audience were remarkable," reported one scientist. We noticed that each pair of twins laughed at the same time and in the same way. If there was anything in the play which they found dull, they assumed the same bored expression. And they always applauded simultaneously. It was uncanny to watch them."

Telepathic twin boys provided new evidence for scientists last year when it was discovered that two Sussex three-year-olds both felt the pain when one was pinched in the absence of the other.

Experts eager to prove how close in affinity identical twins can become, noted that Johnny, out of sight of his brother, laughed when Jimmy was tickled. Their mother said she hesitated to slap one of the boys for misbehaving because she would be punishing his brother, too!

The strange light that "shines" from cats' eyes at night has long puzzled zoologists. It is now being investigated thoroughly for the first time.

Scientists are also trying to find out whether a cat can really see in a room which looks pitch-dark to the human eye. The investigators, armed with torches, are visiting zoos at night and hope to make new discoveries about the eyes of many other animals as well as cats.

A British zoologist told Tit-Bits that what we ordinarily call a dark room is actually full of tiny rays of light—rays which a cat is able to pick up easily!

"A cat's pupil, mere slits in the daytime, expand far more than our own," he said, "while its eyes also carry at the back a kind of reflecting mirror which probably accounts for them gleaming in the dark. The cat therefore collects the little light there is and sees."

A London scientist in 1951 matched his own sharp eyes against those of six cats in an

attempt to find out how much cats can see in the dark. When a saucer of milk was "illuminated" with a light beem so faint that it was invisible to the scientist, the cats saw it at once. The saucer was in an air-tight, glass-sided box so that the cats could get no clue from their noses.

Some Chinese claim that they can tell the time accurately by looking at the eyes of a cat on a bright day.

They say that the cat's eyes are smallest at noon, gradually widening this condition until the light begins to dawn again, when they start to get narrow.

MYSORE DASARA EXHIBITION 1956.

Some of the special features of this year's Exhibition are noted below :–

1. The United States Information Service participating in the Exhibition for display of "Atoms for Peace" exhibit which will be a unique feature of this year's Exhibition, very interesting and educative even to the layman.

2. The Medical College Association will organise a Medical-cum-Health Exhibition under the suspices of the Dasara Exhibition which will be very attractive and useful.

3. This year, the Government of India are participating on a larger scale. The following Ministries are participating :

(a) Ministry of Production :

The following undertakings of the Ministry of production are participating :–

1. Hindustan Machine Tools, Ltd., Bangalore.
2. Hindustan Cables Ltd., West Bengal.
3. Hindustan Shipyard Ltd.,
4. Salt Department.
5. Sindri Fertilizers.
6. Ambarcharaka Division of All India Khadi and Village Industries.

(b) Ministry of Industries and Commerce :

The following undertakings will participate ;

1. Coir Board
2. All India Handloom Board.
3. Indian Tea Board.

(c) Ministry of Communications :– Indian Telephone Industries

(d) Ministry of Information and Broadcasting
Five Year Plan Exhibition and Tourist Information Bureau.

(e) Ministry of Defence : Cordite Factory,

(f) Ministry of Transport : Southern Railways.

Among State Governments, the Government of West Bengal, Madhya Bharat, Assam, and Coorg are participating. The International Labour Organisation will also participate in the Exhibition. Almost all the Development Departments of the Government of Mysore are participating.

The Department of Industries and Commerce, Government of Mysore, is arranging the "Cottage Industries Court" wherein display and demonstration of several cottage Industries sponsored and aided by Government will be arranged.

The Public works Department and the Electrical Department, are arranging display of live models of irrigation and hydro-electric projects undertaken by the Government of Mysore.

(*Continued on page 6.*)

ಯಜುರುಪಾಕರ್ಮ	೦–೪–೦.
ಯಜುಸ್ಸಂಧ್ಯಾವಂದನೆ	೦–೪–೦.
ವಿಶಿಷ್ಟಾದ್ವೈತಸಾರ	
"ಚಿಕ್ಕದೇವರಾಜಬಿನ್ನಪಂ" ದಿವ್ಯಗ್ರಂಥದಮೇಲಿನ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸಮಾಲೆ.	೧–೪–೦.
Life of Saint Anantarya. in English and Hindi.	1–0–0.

The Rationalist

24 HOURS

(Continued from previous issue.)

Well, look back and take it hour by hour. If you are quite honest with yourself you will discover either that there is a surprising amount of time for which you can't account, or that the things you were doing in such a rush actually required longer than they should.

Estimate the amount of time your basic tasks require and then live within that budget. The big executive arranges things so that he has enough leeway for emergencies. The little fellow often likes to feel that he is rushed to death. He is the one who never catches up.

Have the courage to see yourself critically and honestly in this respect. Don't let the details of living swamp life itself. A well-planned daily schedule has a few empty spaces, moments in which you can relax and think at ease about the problems at hand. Then you can dispose of them instead of having them clutter your desk, your mind and your nervous system.

Being rushed is not a virtue. It is merely a sign of bad management. The art of living consists not in stuffing the day as full as possible, but in getting through that day with a sense of achievement, of enjoyment, and without excessive fatigue.

Planning not only helps you to avoid tension, but develops an orderly mind that functions efficiently without the mental confusion that leads to anxiety and the tendency to be "all mixed up."

If you do your best thinking at night, plan the day's activities before you go to bed: if you think better in the early morning, do your planning before you get out of bed. Don't simply list in your mind, helter-kelter, all the things that should be done, but plan for the essential ones, and fit the others in when it is convenient, allowing some leeway for emergencies and rest.

Plan for something during that day that will give you pleasure, something to which you will look forward. This may be a luncheon engagement with a friend, a book you have set aside for the evening, a radio feature you want to hear. Whether it is small or large, every day should have some pleasure. To defraud yourself of that enjoyment because you are "too busy", is to miss the whole point of living.

You will find it a big help to put your day's schedule in writing. You will discover that there is a wonderful feeling about crossing off that list and destroying the paper, knowing that everything has been done. The unaccomplished task causes tension. Get the unpleasant things out of the way as soon as you can: a visit to the dentist, a bill you have put off paying, the cupboard you dislike cleaning. Each such victory leaves you with a greater sense of strength and with more self-reliance.

Relax as you go along during the day. Watch to see whether you are growing tense and, if so, let go. This is not a time-consumer, it is a time-saver. You will end your work-day rested, instead of being fatigued and depressed.

If you travel to and from work by train or bus, however noisy or crowded your surroundings, close your eyes to rest them, and allow yourself that interlude for silence and meditation. To be silent for a short interval during the day is an important source of strength-

saving. Talking requires far more breath and energy than most people realize. The people who accomplish most are those who know how to be silent.

Allow a few minutes of complete rest before you eat your evening meal. Lie down if you can, let yourself go, and breathe deeply. Before you get up, stretch as you did in the morning. You will feel refreshed and ready for a pleasant evening.

Many people are so far below their health potentialities that they take lack of energy and zest as their normal condition. It should be normal for you to feel well, to feel buoyantly cheerful, without aches and pains.

Life is not an indeterminate sentence, it is an adventure. You will get out of your 24 hours pretty much what you put into them. It depends on you whether they will be rewarding or a burden. K.R.

YAWN

When you yawn, Satan peeps down your throat to catch a glimpse of your soul. Then he laughs because he recognizes it as one of his own.

You don't believe it? We have it on the authority of Mohammed himself. In "Traditions Of The Prophet" he says:—

"As for yawning, it is only from Satan. Therefore, when anyone of you yawns, let him suppress it as far as he is able. For, verily, when anyone of you yawns, Satan laughs at him."

Strange that Mohammed should have that that idea for, in England at the same time, it was believed that evil spirits pierce through the jaws of a yawner so that they could recognise the person's spirit when they met t again in the shades.

Have you ever wondered why you place your hand in front of your mouth when you yawn? It isn't out of politeness, to hide the inside of your mouth from view. If it was, then it would be impolite for singers to sing with their mouths open, giving the world a full view of teeth, tongue and tonsils.

Hiding a yawn behind a hand is one of the oldest habits known to man. It was old when we were wearing woad and nothing else.

There were other reasons, apart from Satan's sarcastic stare, for covering the mouth with the hand.

A yawn is automatic. It takes an effort to suppress it. And even thinking or reading about it is enough to set most people's mouths gaping. This fact made primitive people believe it was not they who yawned, but their spirit trying to get out. Once their spirit left them they were dead, so they covered their mouths to keep it in.

Some people believed that to yawn openly was to invite inside them any evil spirit that might be wandering around at a loose end.

They believed that there were far more spirits around than human beings, all looking for nice, warm homes. So a hand to the mouth prevented the entry of any of these evil ghosts.

* * *

A statistician reports: "The average housewife wastes four months of her life and 1,742 cubic feet of breath asking her husband questions like: what he wants for dinner!"

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The Manager,
"Rationalist", Mysore.

(*Continued from page 3.*)

The Director of Public Instruction, Mysore State has made elaborate arrangements to organise the "Education Court" and the "Technical Education Court."

The Private Sector also plays a prominent role in the Exhibition. A number of organised industries from all over India are participating. Cottage and Village Industries too are well represented in the Exhibition.

Sri M. Veerappa, Retired Assistant Superintendent, Chamarajendra Technical Institute Mysore, who recently visited Japan, will be exhibiting several attractive toys and articles made out of bamboo, on Cottage Industry basis.

The Fine Arts and Crafts Section is an imposing array of large number exhibits of excellent standard received from all parts of the country.

Sri K. Padmanabha Menon of National Pictorials, North Malabar has been permitted to exhibit "Gandhiji's Life in picture."

The Agriculture Department has put up an interesting demonstration plot in Jeevanarayana katte where cultivation of different crops is demonstrated. The Horticultural Department have put up an attractive show in the Main buildings where different kinds of vegetables are grown.

The Exhibition premises are tastefully decorated particularly during nights. Myriads of coloured electrical installations add further beauty to the general lay-out. Necessary arrangements for sanitation, water supply, electrical power supply, Fire Brigade, Police services, etc., have been made. The services of Bharath Scouts, Bharath Seva Dal, N.C.C., and A.C.C. are availed off to guide and regulate admission and movements of visitors to the Exhibition.

SEVEN

Those who associate luck with numbers are pointing out that 1956 is likely to be a lucky year for most people, especially those whose ages are divisible by that proverbially lucky number, seven.

If you add up the numerals in 1956 the result is 21,—and 21 is a lucky number because you can divide it by seven.

But why is seven so lucky? Because, say those who have studied what Victorians called "the science of numerology," a person usually sheds his first teeth at seven, becomes a youth at twice seven, a man at thrice seven, and achieves old age at seventy—ten times seven!

Seventh sons always succeed in whatever they undertake, it is believed. And for centuries it has been a common belief among country people that a seventh son of a seventh son "is sure to be an infallible doctor!"

THE SECRETARY

A philosophical businessman has given up any hope of getting perfect letters from his secretary. He sends the letters out, now, as they come from her mill—spelling errors, erasures and all. He evens matters with a rubber stamp that he had specially made. It prints, in the lower left-hand corner—"She can't type—but she's beatiful!"

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WELCOME ADDRESS

By Sri G. R. Josyer, Founder-Director, International Academy of Sanskrit Research, Mysore, on the occasion of the Inauguration of Maharaja Bhojaraja's "SRINGARA-PRAKASHA" on 14—10—1956.

Srimanth Gobind Ballabh Pant, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I offer the heartiest welcome of the people of Mysoer to you, firstly, as a distinguished son and distinguished administrator of the largest State of India, U.P.; secondly, as a lovable Home-Minister of the nation, who rules, not with an iron hand, not even with a velvet-gloved iron-hand, but with patient and paternal understanding. We welcome you as a Central Minister of irreproachable character and unimpeachable respectability.

Two great sons of U.P. have held the imagination of India in the years past, Pandit Motlal Nehru, and Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, the one as the embodiment of the acme of materialistic epicurism and the other as the inheritor of the ennobling culture of the past, and contributor to its expansion into the future, who imparted a new glamour to that glamorous city, Benaras.

You must have known Srijut Motilal Nehru pretty well, and one annecdote about him may interest you. On June 21, 1923. I went to visit Mr. S. Srinivasiyengar, who was camping in Bangalore, as I had invited him to preside aver the First Mysore Reforms Conference to be held the next day at the Majestic Theatre, in order to reject the Reforms' proposals of a Committee headed by Sir Brajendranath Seal, and found him with Sjt C. R. Das and C. S. Ranga Iyer in the drawing room. C. R. Das, accompanied by Ranga Iyer, had gone to Ooty to enlist S. Sriniva Iyengar for the new Swarajya Party which Pandit Motilal and Mr. Das had just launched, and not finding him there, had come to Bangalore. Srinivasiengar went in for a minute: Das was tired and fagged. A barber had lathered his face and was giving him a shave. Das was saying something to Ranga Iyer, and made a remark which has since stuck in my mind, "Man proposes but Motilal Nehru disposes!"

That quality of "disposal"; Sir, your admirable colleague and Prime Minister seems to have inherited from his heroic father, and to be exercising it in the national and international, fields!

Incidentally I may mention that in 1928 I organised the First Mysore State Congress with Sri S. Satyamurthy as President.

I welcome you to a land which is as old as your U.P., and as hoary: to a land whose tradition has it that it was in our Kadur that Sri Rama made friends with Sugreeva and subsequently destroyed Ravana; that here Agastya destroyed the two demons Vatapi and Ilwala; Maharshi Gowtama has left behind a Gowtama Kshetra on the banks of the Cauvery at Seringapatam; Sage Kanva has given his name to Kanva river near Malur, one of the most fertile spots of the State. Sage Jamadagni was at Sorab, the home of sweet sandalwood, and there is a temple at Chandragiri to Renuka, mother of the man-god, Parashurama. Arjuna's wife, Chitrangada was from Manipura, near Chamarajanagar, and his valiant son, Babhruvahana, reigned there. King Janamejaya's Sarpa Yaga was at Hiremagalur, and at Bhimanakatte Mutt at Thirthahalli is a copper-plate grant made by him. When Chandragupta renounced his Kingdom and took orders, he and his guru, Bhadrabahu, came and settled

at Sravanabelagola. Here Shankara, Ramanuja, and Madhwa, have established Mutts and spread enlightenment in inimitable Sanskrit.

They dealt with the philosophical treasures which have been handed down through the medium of Sanskrit. But, unfortunately, while the President and a few others high-placed, love Sanskrit for its spiritual heritage, ill-written history has plunged the so-called intelligentia of the country in the belief that Sanskrit is only spiritual, and that it contains nothing scientific or materialistic. They blindly believe that this nation borrowed one thing from the Chinese, another from the Arabs, and other things from the Greeks. Even those who might have reason to suspect that it might be the other way about, lack the courage to say so. Men like Mr. Munshi, who start to do some service to Sanskrit and clear the mind of cob-webs, succumb to the prevailing mental inertia, inferiority complex, and purblind disbelief!

But any one who looks into the lists of printed and unprinted Sanskrit works in the catalogue of a good library, will be struck by the encyclopaedic knowledge of all aspects of life that Sanskrit contains.

It indicates a long-grown, long-standing civilization, the oldest in the world, which radiated from here to the Arabs, Egypt, Greeks, and to the Western hemisphere.

That being so, it was obvious that the scientific side of Sanskrit Works was not a grand-mothers' tale, or H. G. Wells or Jules Verne type of writing, but historic records worthy of all belief, and open to investigation in good faith.

It is with a view to make some efforts in that line that the International Academy of Sanskrit Research was founded here 4 years ago. Mysore has been a good nursery of Sanskrit for a long time past, and it is hoped that it will continue to be so. Facts are coming to light in the Academy that offer astonishing proof of the nation's claim of antiquity and greatness, and of no little value to the nation's present day progress.

Long before gun-powder was discovered by Roger Bacon or Berthold Schwartz in the 13th century, or by the Chinese, "Shukraneeti", more ancient than the Mahabharata, and ancestor of Chanakya's Arthasastra, mentions the formula of gun-powder.

सुवर्चिलवणात्पञ्च पलानि गन्धकात् पलम् ।
अन्तर्धूम विपक्वार्कस्नुह्याद्यङ्गारतः पलम् ॥
शुष्कात् संग्राह्य संचूर्ण्य संमील्य प्रपुटेद्रसैः ।
स्नुह्यर्काणां रसोनस्य शोषयेदातपेन च ॥
पिष्ट्वा शर्करवच्चैतत् अग्निचूर्णं भवेत्खलु ॥

5 palas of salt-petre, one of sulpher, one of charcoal of *arka* or *snuhi* plants burnt in a closed oven so that the smoke may not escape, if these are powdered, mixed with arka and snuhi and garlic juices, and dried, and powdered like sugar. it is gun-powder. It showed that sugar was also made here earliest in the world.

While the cure for snake and other poisons is still a guess-work for Western and our imitative allopathic medicine, we have a precious volume which describes poisonous reptiles and poisons in wonderful detail, and prescribes their individual antidotes and cures. That work should prove an invaluable find to what is called modern medicine.

(Continued on page 5.)

The Rationalist

THE "RATIONALIST"

With this issue the Rationalist enters its 17th year. We have not been able to do much for it, nor to make much out of it. We have not used it as a weapon, nor as an ornament. We have kept it as a faithful companion, with which we could occasionally soliloquise. What little of sensible thoughts or ideas it has been able to purvey some of our kind readers seem to appreciate. To them we offer deep thanks.

Seventeen is rather a ticklish year. It is called "sweet seventeen" by poets, may be with regard to maidenhood. With journals it may be different.

The object of culture, some one has said, is to spread "Sweetness and Light." If the "Rationalist" can, during the coming year, spread some sweetness and light among its dear readers, it will be thankful!

Editor.

A PEEP INTO THE PAST

An ancient Greek town has been discovered by Soviet scientists at the bottom of the Black Sea in Sakhumi Bay, it was learned in Moscow recently.

It was a commercial centre near Dyscuri built 2,500 years ago.

The Soviet scientists wearing diving suits went to the bottom of the Bay to search for ruins of the town engulfed by geological disturbances dating from the First Century A D.

The discovery was due to two Soviet holiday-makers who, fishing under water, found a big marble plaque bearing a carving of a woman wearing a Greek robe.

AN INAUGURATION

In June last year we invited Mr. G. B. Pant to inaugurate the publication of Maharaja Bhojaraja's "Shringara-Prakasha". He had cheerfully agreed to do so if we could wait till he came South. Recently we and the Government both invited him to Mysore, and he seemed to have planned to come. At the last moment, however, owing to mishap, his visit has had to be cancelled. But we could not further delay the publication, as it was long overdue. So, under God's direction, the inauguration has been carried through *in absentia*. And we thank Mr. Pant for such courtesy as he was able to show to Mataraja Bhojaraja and ourselves.

G. R. Josyer.

AVERAGE MAN

Some time ago, the average man was analysed by a group of chemists, who summarised his ingredients as, enough fat to make seven bars of soap; enough iron to make a medium-sized nail; enough sugar to fill a shaker; enough lime to whitewash a chicken coop; enough phosphorus for more than 2,000 match tips, and enough magnesium to make a good dose of magnesia. There was also enough potassium to explode a small cannon, together with a pinch of sulphur!

The market value of all these chemicals was about four shillings! That was pre-war, so we must add another four shillings for the higher cost of living—and dying—and another two for depreciation through wear and tear. And we still have to face the naked truth that our brightest stars in every sphere of life are worth a mere ten shillings!

(*Continued from page 3.*)

The Academy has brought to light another manuscript which has evoked world-wide interest, Maharshi Bharadwaja's "Vymanika Shastra". It describes the manufacture of aeroplanes which—

अमेद्यत्वाऽछेद्यत्वादाह्यत्वाविनाशत्वादिगुणविशिष्ट विमानरचनाक्रियारहस्यम् ।

विमानस्तम्भनक्रियारहस्यम् ।

विमानादृश्यकरणरहस्यम् ।

परविमानस्थजनसंभाषणादि सर्वशब्दाकर्षणरहस्यम् ।

परविमानस्थवस्तुरूपाकर्षणरहस्यम् ।

परयानागमनदिक्प्रदर्शनक्रियारहस्यम् ।

विमानार्हाणि लोहानि भारहीनानि षोडश । ऊष्माण्युक्तानि सूर्येऽस्मिन् शौनकेन महात्मना ॥

एतच्छोडश लोहान्येव यानरचनाविधौ । वरिष्ठानीति शास्त्रेषु निर्णीतानि महर्षिभिः ॥

"The secret of constructing aeroplanes, which will not break, which cannot be cut, will not catch fire, and cannot be destroyed.

The secret of making planes motionless.

The secret of making planes invisible.

The secret of hearing conversations and other sounds in enemy planes.

The secret of obtaining photographs of the interior of enemy planes.

The secret of ascertaining the direction of enemy planes' approach.

"Metals suitable for Aeroplanes, light, and heat-absorbing, are of sixteen kinds, according to Shownaka. Great sages have declared that these 16 metals alone are the best for aeroplane construction."

No so-called expert who has come here under expert terms, American, Russian, German, Japanese, is expert enough to achieve such a thing. Some honest research into the contents of this manuscript would enable us to out-strip other nations and lead them by the hand, as in days of yore, instead of the present humilating promiscuous mendicancy for outside aid.

We have established more than 10 so-called National Science Research Institutes at the cost of crores, that are doing nothing national, but are only imitating foreigners in a poor way. It hasn't yet dawned on the nation that if we established a research institute to investigate the scientific contents in the high-domed vaults of Sanskrit, more valuable results could be achieved than from all these put together. But the International Academy, God-willing, hopes to do something in that line.

Alongside of it it has sought to serve Vedic studies by publishing the Rigveda Pada which Max Muller had brought out 80 years ago, and rationalise religious worship in temples by publishing works of Agama, which constitute another uncharted continent of Sanskrit lore.

And it has undertaken to bring out this magnificent work of Maharaja Bhojadeva.

Bhojaraja who ruled over Malva 900 years ago has left his name embalmed in the nation's memory as the supreme patron of Letters of all time. Poets have described his charming and lustrous personality in the most handsome terms;

कविषु वादिषु भोगिषु देहिषु द्रविणवत्सु सतामुपकारिषु ।
धनिषु धन्विषु धर्मधनेष्वपि क्षितितले नहि भोजसमो नृपः ॥

सर्वज्ञ इति लोकोऽयं भवन्तं भाषते मृषा । पद्मेकं न जानीषे वक्तुं नास्तीति याचके ॥

अस्य श्रीभोजराजस्य द्वयमेव सुदुर्लभम् । शत्रूणां शूकलैर्लोहं ताम्रं शासनपत्रकैः ॥

"Among men, among poets, debators, men of wealth, philanthropists, warriors, and righteous men, there is none in the world like king Bhoja."

"Sir King, people speak of you as all-knowing. It is not true. Because, you dont know the word "No" when some one approaches you for charity,"

"Only two things are scarce for Bhojaraja, iron, which is all used up for chains for his enemies, and copper which is used up for copper-plate grants to the deserving."

Great patron of letters as he was, he was also a prolific author of vast learning and literary acumen. He is said to have written 75 works, and "Sringara Prakasha" is the most magnificent of them all.

Curiously enough for 900 years the existence of the work was unknown. About 1918 H. H. the late Sri Yatiraja Swamy of Melkote and the Oriental Library of Madras both came to know of it and secured copies and prepared the manuscript for the Press.

In 1926 H. H. The Yatiraja Swamy published a fragment of the work and sent it to scholars. Dr. K. P. Jayaswal of Patna was so charmed with it that he travelled to Mysore like a pilgrim and paid his respects to the Swamiji. Your own learned Dr. Ganganath Jha paid his tribute in lyrical verse.

शृङ्गारभासंनृपभोजनिर्मितं सम्मुद्रितं स्वामिवरेण्य यत्नतः ।
आस्वाद्य चांशेनसमस्तबन्धसंस्वादनायोल्लसतीव मानसम् ॥

"Having tasted slightly the portion of king Bhojaraja's "Shringara-Prakasha" published by the efforts of Sri Swamiji, my mind yearns to enjoy the whole work."

The energetic Dr. Raghavan of the Madras University wrote a thesis on the work in English, and got his doctorate on it.

But the Swamiji's efforts to publish the original Sanskrit work through Mysore or Madras University proved ineffective for over two decades, and on his demise, his literary legatee handed it to the Academy.

And God has enabled the Academy to bring out the first volume, and discharge partly the debt the nation has owed to Bhojaraja for 900 years. It is a monumental production which the nation can present to the world at large as a unique achievement by one of the nation's ancestors at a time when most other nations had no writing to speak of. In fact the news of its publication has already aroused considerable interest from London to Benaras, and from Delh and Poona to Calcutta.

My grateful acknowledgments are due to Mr. A. Srinivasiengar for handing me the manuscript, to the Government of Mysore, under Mr. K. C. Reddy's Ministry, for some financial aid, to two erudite scholars, Mahavidwan S. Venkatachariar, and Vidwan N, Venkatanarasimhachariar who have helped the work through the Press, and to Dr. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer, the great cultural spokesman of the South, for a brilliant Foreword.

I invite you to inaugurate this great publication, and the Chief Minister of the State Sri Kadidal Manjappa, to preside over the function.

HISTORY OF MYSORE
AND THE
YADAVA DYNASTY

BY

G. R. JOSYER, M.A. HONS., F.R.E.S.

AUTHOR

"Sociology,", "Politics, Philosophy, and Phantasy," Etc.

"By far the greater part of the work is concerned with the history of the present ruling house of Mysore from its traditional beginning in 1399 till the year 1950 when the present Maharaja was installed as *Rajapramukh* of the newly-created Mysore State of the Indian Union. The dynasty, as is well-known, passed through a series of singular vicissitudes through the period of its early struggles, its supersession by Hyder Ali and Tippu Sultan and the assumption of administration of the State by the East India Company from 1831 to 1867. Since then, thanks to a succession of able rulers and administrators and their Dewans, the State has made phenomenal advance in educational, economic and (latterly) constitutional development. Of this long period the author gives a readable and valuable account in course of which he does adequate justice to the memory of two of Mysore's able, but unfortunate sovereigns, *viz.*, Maharani Lakshammanni and Maharaja Mummadi Krishnaraja Wodayar. The value of the book would have been enhanced by the addition of a bibliography and a map. Paper, print and the general get up are excellent."

Modern Review, Calcutta.

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Printed at the Coronation Press, Chamaraja Road, Mysore, and Published by G. R. Josyer.

Registered No. M. 4359.

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A Weekly

for the intelligent man, devoted to a rationalistic survey of all matters of Public interest, in the economic, commercial, and literary fields.

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VOL XVII No. 2] Monday 22--10--1956 [PRICE 0—1—6.

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TIME

An old farmer was dumping raw vegetables into the pig trough when a university professor happened to walk by.

"Don't you know," said the scientist, "that if you cooked those vegetables, the pigs could digest them in half the time"

"What's that?" replied the farmer, momentarily interested. Then, after taking time to consider the import of the professor's remark, he added: "Suppose they could! What in heaven's name is time to pig?"

PRICE SPIRAL

A small dog was observed on a Los Angeles bookstall with a placard round his neck announcing that he was For Sale. A patron asked the newsboy what was his price.

"Fifty thousand dollars," said the boy.

"Why, that's preposterous," said the patron. "Ther isn't a dog in the country worth $50,000."

"Fifty thousand dollars is his price." said the boy, "and $50,000 is what I'm going to get for him."

The patron shook his head and went his way. Some weeks later he noticed that the dog was missing.

"Well," he said to the newsboy, "I see you disposed of your dog."

"Oh yes," said the boy.

"Cet your price?"

"Yap."

"Fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yap. Swapped him for a couple of twenty-five-thousand-dollar cats."

ANGER

The unpleasant emotions have definite physical effects on the body. The moment you become angry, for example, the muscles at the outlet of the stomach squeeze down so tightly that nothing leaves the stomach, and the entire digestive tract becomes spastic; many people have severe abdominal pains either during or after a fit of anger. At the same time, the number of blood cells increases greatly, and the blood clots more quickly than usual. The heart rate goes up markedly, often to 180 or 220, or higher, and stays there until the anger has passed. The blood pressure rises steeply, from a normal of 130 or so to 230 or more, often with dire results. More than one person has developed a stroke during a fit of anger because his blood pressure rose so high that he "blew" a blood vessel in his brain. Also, in anger, the coronary arteries in the heart squeeze down hard enough to produce angina pectoris or, as happens fairly frequently, a fatal coronary occlusion.

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TENANT

Landlady Elizabeth Doucet, of Edmonton, Canada, rented a farmstead out to deserving tenants. Recently she decided to visit them and on arriving found them missing. Her tanants had left and, at the same time solved their housing problem—the barn, all forty feet af it—had gone with them!

HER WAY

Mrs. Speranza Antonelli, at Trento, Itally, housewife, was annoyed when she heard her labourer husband had been fired. She picked up a club and knocked him out!

Deciding she had been a little too hasty, she went to see her husband's foreman—and knocked him out!

HIS WAY

Motorists often feel like taking drastic measures with other road users. But not many go to the lengths George Plaut, of Bielefeld, Germany, did.

He was fined for using insulting language, after rigging up an illuminated sign in his rear window which flashed the word "Swine," every five seconds!

COMPARE NOTES

In a Fort Lauderdale (U.S.) solicitor's waiting room recently, two women waited to file divorce suits. During conversation they found they bore a mutual cross—a wife-beating husband. A bigamy charge was preferred when, after exchanging names, they learned they had the same man as husband!

REASONABLE LAW

The scales of justice are pretty evenly balanced—the law can be reasonable as well as ruthless.

Albert and Ernest Geraidi think so.

They were sentenced to three months in prison for failing to make income tax returns. Who would manage their machinery business if they were both in jail? The law decided to help them—Albert will serve his sentence first, and on his release Ernest will report to the prison, to serve his three months!

AMUSED MILKING

Charged with carrying a piano in a truck insured only for agricultural use, Farmer Henry Haskett pleaded not guilty. He explained: "Twice a day my wife and son play soothing music at milking time. Some cows won't yield unless they are kept amused!"

PERSONS OF TASTE

People in Sudbury, Canada, had their curiosity aroused at the sight of a big three-storey house being erected there. Complete with ventilation and controlled heating systems, it was the last word in comfort. "Obviously a person of taste will live there," they decided.

Then the future occupants moved in—complete with biscuits and bones! Later, the owner, Mr. John Clemens, disclosed that the house was a home for his three pet Afghan hounds!

ಯಜುರುಪಾಕರ್ಮ	೦–೪–೦.
ಯಜುಸ್ಸಂಧ್ಯಾವಂದನೆ	೦–೪–೦.
ವಿಶಿಷ್ಟಾದ್ವೈತಸಾರ	
"ಚಿಕ್ಕದೇವರಾಜವಿನ್ನಪಂ" ದಿವ್ಯಗ್ರಂಥದಮೇಲಿನ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸಮಾಲೆ.	೧—೪—೦.
Life of Saint Anantarya. in English and Hindi.	1—0—0.

The Rationalist

NEW LIVES

The pretty youngster worked in a London shop and in the evening went home to lonely lodgings. She longed for a tall and handsome husband and three lovely children. But nothing ever happened—and Mr. Right never seemed to arrive.

Then one New Year's Eve she packed a suitcase and caught the first train she found heading for Devonshire. Any other place would have done just as well. To-day she has a lovely West Country home, a loving husband—tall and handsome, too! and three wonderful children. By taking a job in a Torquay hotel, newer vistas of opportunities led her to happiness.

"My old life wasn't working out," she told me. So I just took a new one. I just switched lives!"

On the other hand, a fellow in a West Country town found no happiness. As clerk to the magistrates at Saltash, Cornwall, he seemed to have nothing but trouble in his life —other people's trouble.

As a solicitor he was respected, an important figure, earning a very respectable salary. But he wasn't happy And one day as he walked into a local tavern for an evening pint, he took note of the barman's cheery greeting, "What a wonderful day it's been!"

"That's the life for me!" he thought. Next day he resigned his post as magistrate's clerk. More than twenty years after first qualifying for a law career he took another job—at the bar of a public house!

His earnings were down to less than £6 a week. But he was happy at last, planning for the day when he might own a little tavern of his own.

He had switched his life!

In another lawyer's office at Stoke-on-Trent fifty-year-old Leslie Jones had a dream. Playing musical instruments as a boy, he had yearned for a life of music. But life graded him as a lawyer's office boy. He worked his way up through the firm, became a solicitor in his own right. Yet the dream persisted.

One day he told himself, "Life is an adventure. We weren't born to go on piling up money." Recently in a London concert hall he conducted his own orchestra in a programme of Mozart and Bach. He is now a professional conductor first and a solicitor second!

He has switched his life!

This time last year Donald Willis was a policeman and for twenty-three years he had been plodding the beats around Shooter's Hill. But he wanted to switch his life and work for a higher force than the Metropolitan Police. Now he has been accepted as a candidate for ordination in Holy Orders.

Policeman to parson! Why not? Only a few years ago greying Sir Reginald Stuart Champion was governor and commander-in-chief of Aden. Then he forsook all that to work as curate at a small church in Kent.

All round us to-day are people enjoying two lives for one. And in this monotonous modern world switching one's life is a guaranteed cure for boredom!

A HOLIDAY PLAN

Something like 5,000,000 single British women will go on holiday before the end of the summer, secretly longing to meet the man of their dreams—that is apart from those who'll go abroad.

A kind of blue-print for holiday romance was drawn up by a pretty young American woman. She claimed to be an expert and her "holiday plan to get your man", was said to have been successfully followed by many U.S girls.

What men admire most is apparent simplicity of dress, explained the expert. A girl must never forget that "it's simple but fetching lines that reveal one's figure."

The girl who tries "cave girl" methods never gets far on holiday. The temptation to chase a prospective husband must be resisted, because this always scares a man. A holiday girl must concentrate on one man and be a good listener even if he proves to be a bit of a bore when talking about his job or on sporting subjects.

"Show interest in everything he says and don't be afraid to let him know you like him. Let him win the tennis match you play with him and he'll like you all the better. When you later meet the man in town, make sure you go to a quiet spot with soft lights and sweet music. Skip the cinema or a noisy restaurant.

"Once you have succeeded in charming him in town as you charmed him on holiday, he's yours," concluded the expert.

M. P.'s.

Will the practice of making each constituency pay its own M.P.'s salary ever be revived in this country? Some M.P.s think it will, reports my House of Commons correspondent.

The recent decision not to increase the salaries of M.P.s at a time when the Government is calling for wage restraint is a reminder that 300 years ago constituencies had to pay their Parliamentary representatives.

When the practice finally ceased, some people complained that M P.s immediately began to pay less attention to what their constituents wanted

In the old days a member who neglected his duties did so at the expense of his pocket. One October day in 1647, for instance, when it was found that 150 M.P.s were absent, the House fined them £20.

Even absence from prayers was considered just cause for fining an M P., and in Charles I's reign the member who failed to put in an appearance until the "Amen" had been spoken was made to put a shilling in the poor-box.

When a few years ago M.P.s' salaries were increased to £1,000 a year. four members disapproved so strongly that that decided not to accept the "rise" Another M P. does not take his salary at all.

Some old-time members took their payment in kind. Sir John Strange, while representing the electors of Dunwich, was paid "a cade and half a barrel of herrings."

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The Manager,
"Rationalist", Mysore.

RED ROSE

A fine red rose, freshly plucked from the garden of the Port of London Authority in historic Seething Lane, was taken recently to the Mansion House and ceremonially handed to the Lord Mayor of London A similar ceremony takes place every year, but few people know the origin of the custom and why the gift must always be a rose.

It is because way back in the fourteenth century a lovely woman defied the building regulations. She was the wife of Sir Robert Knollys, a distinguished knight who fought with the Black Prince at Crecy.

While he was away fighting in the wars, his wife decided to carry out a little improvement scheme in their garden. She had a footbridge built across the public way to connect two parts of the garden which was very close to Seething Lane.

As a result, the City authorities took swift action. They fined Sir Robert, ordering him to surrender to them every year a red rose picked from his garden.

Red roses were also used to pay rents centuries ago in England. In the reign of Edward I more than ten per cent. of the recorded tenures were held on an annual rent of one red rose.

ON TWO TEAS

Turkey's "Thin Man," Hasan Baba, aged forty-one, has challenged doctors to disprove his claim that for the past twenty years he has lived on two cups of tea daily.

He has forgotten the taste of meat, fish, bread and fruit. He weighs one pound less than four stones, and recently said he would live on two cups of tea daily for the rest of his life!

REASON FOR BRAVERY

When Abdul Singh, a young deckhand on a freighter plying between Durban and Zanzibar, saw a shark approaching a seaman swimming near the anchored ship, he grabbed out his knife, dived into the water and slashed the shark so viciously that the brute fled!

Complimented by his ship's captain, Abdul is reported to have said, "I couldn't let Mogamed be taken by a shark. He owes me thirty rupees!"

NOT ALWAYS

That it pays to advertise is a well-known slogan, and perhaps the owner of a business in North London had this in mind when he inserted a notice in his window: "Closing down. All stocks must go."

It didn't attract a soul. The reason? He sold tombstones.

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LUCKY ESCAPES

While out working on his farm a Natal man was bitten by a puff adder. He recovered after three weeks in hospital.

Shortly afterwards he was so badly stung by bees that doctors declared that he lived only because of the snake poison which acted as an antidote.

Some days later he accidentally fell into a cattle-dipping tank and swallowed enough arsenic to kill two men. He was again rushed to hospital, given an emetic—and survived!

Just how luckly *can* people be in escaping death? Some, like the Natal farmer, seem to have charmed lives. A glance through the records of men, women and children who have cheated death reveals some amazing stories.

Take the case of the man who was flung clear of an airliner when it crashed into a building, and fell blazing into a river in the United States.

As the 'plane sank slowly into the icy water with the other passengers trapped inside, he struggled to stay alive. Boats and a helicopter raced to save him, but he had almost given up when he was hauled into a rowing-boat which chanced to be near.

"I looked on death twice in a quarter of an hour," he said afterwards. "I guess I must have a charmed life."

Then there was the Lincolnshire timber yard worker who was burried under a fall of four tons of wood when a stack collapsed. Twenty men slaved to remove the pile, expecting to find him dead. When he was extricated, the man's only injury was a cut on the cheek.

A man working on the fifth floor of a London building fell down the well of a stairway. After a drop of forty feet, he struck a bag of concrete and rebounded on to a sloping screen of wire netting.

He rolled off this and fell another twenty feet, landing on some bags of sand on a wooden platform, and then fell another ten feet on to a pile of sand on the ground. Uninjured, he got up, brushed himself down and went back to work!

You wouldn't think a man could possibly escape alive after falling into a white-hot furnace, but a Somerset man named Paradise did. He was shovelling refuse through one of the fire-holes into a destructor when he fell through the hole.

A gasp of horror went up from his workmates. But the man luckily landed on a heap of refuse still unburnt and remained for a few moments unhurt in the centre of a terrifying circle of flames.

He was hauled out unscathed by a workman who leaned through the hole and caught his hands.

Only a few weeks ago a baby, Kenneth Cadman, was sound asleep when a double-deck bus struck his pram while his mother was pushing it across a Manchester street.

Believe it or not, Kenneth was *still* sound asleep ten minutes later when his battered pram was freed from the bus's front wheels. Only when he was lifted out did he wake up! His only injury was a tiny scratch on one arm. His mother was unhurt.

A few men apparently possessing charmed lives have found that their luck did not always hold. An American businessman was taken ill in his bath and drowned in eleven inches of water after having survived the sinking of the two liners *Titanic* and *Lasitania*! Earlier in his career he had also fallen out of a third-storey window, but was saved by landing on a pile of loose cotton in a passing motor lorry!

RINGS

Apropos the report the other day that the ex-Maharaja's diamond ring was lost when handling garlands at the Dasara procession, the following would be of interest.

Workmen searched for eight hours among masses of wilted flowers littering Nice's fashionable Promenade des Anglais a little while ago—looking for a £1,000 platinum and diamond ring.

The ring had been accidentally thrown with a bouquet in the famous Battle of Flowers by the British-born wife of a Canadian businessman. It was not found, but the owner has not given up hope. She knows that lost wedding and engagement rings have an uncanny habit of turning up again sometimes years afterwards.

When a Norfolk woman lost her diamond wedding ring while working on the family allotment at Upwell twenty-six years ago, she did not want to tell her husband, so she bought another just like it.

Last year her secret was unexpectedly revealed. Her husband was working on the allotment when he turned up the lost ring with his spade—with an onion growing through it!

"If you find any diamonds be sure to let me know," joked Mrs. George A. King, of Provo, U.S., one day last summer as an upholsterer took away her old settee for repair. Next morning the man rang her up. He had found a £70 diamond ring in the settee. It proved to be Mrs. King's engagement ring which she had lost during her courting days in 1943!

LET REAL BEAUTY SHOW

My friend glowed as she showed me the gift bought by her husband for her thirty-ninth birthday. "Isn't it pretty?" she asked as she held it against her. My surprise at her exuberance over a plain grey sweater must have shown in my eyes, for she said, "But wait till you see the real present;" and, handing me a little note, explained, "This was tucked in the box."

The note read: "I thought you'd like to know;—when I showed your husband a lovely jewelled sweater he said, 'No, my wife's too pretty for that. I'll take the plain one. That will let her real beauty show.'" The note was signed: The Assistant. X.

FOOLING HAPPINESS

While I was a patient in a hospital recently, the maid was cleaning my room one morning and humming a little tune all the time.

"What makes you so happy this morning?" I asked.

"I ain't happy!" she replied quickly. "I'm just foolin' myself. And let me tell you—it's a hard job!" Y.

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The Rationalist

SANSKRIT WISDOM

When the Soul takes its first birth its actions resulting from its character and qualities pile up *Karma*, whose effect is inevitable and inexorable.

* * *

Just as the bracelet is not distinct from gold, just as the eddies are not distinct from the water, the Universe is not distinct from the Supreme Being.

* * *

Just as the sky is aloof from the dust, just as the lotus is aloof from the water, so the soul is aloof from the body.

* * *

This is the quintessence of Knowledge. Listen to it, and listening meditate on it and absorb it. The desire to enjoy is the cause of bondage. Rejection of that desire is salvation. When they reach this stage of knowledge even animals and aborigines either in this life or after this life would have attained salvation.

* * *

When you want to meditate on the Eternal, and the mind wanders to another thought, you loose the reins, but pursue it and look on the new thought also as part of the Eternal.

* * *

By this trick the mind's wings will be clipped, its motion ceases, and its tendency to shift from thought to thought will cease in the ocean of the Eternal.

* * *

It will then cease to be affected by qualities like anger, lust, vanity, greed and envy, and they become extinct.

When the mind is thus chastened into intelligence, the trivial activities of day to day will cease as pictures vanish when the screen is destroyed.

* * *

Just as milk gets hardened into curds, and water gets congealed into ice, so the mind gets crystallised and then magnetised with the Eternal.

* * *

The soul is the emanation of the Eternal, and the mind the emanation of the soul.

* * *

Let alone, like a wild horse, mind romps into the wilderness of desires. The soul should handle the reins so that it circles back to the Eternal. So does the yogi, and finds the bliss of salvation.

* * *

Control of speech, control of action, and control of the mind, are the three controls of which the *tridanda* of the Sanyasi is the emblem.

* * *

He is not squeamish about clothing, but wears what is available however meagre. He does not hanker after food, but lives on what comes his way without injury to any. Where night falls during his wandering is his home.

* * *

To other men honour and dishonour are causes of pleasure and anger. The yogi's mind is unaffected by either.

* * *

He forms no friendships, he indulges in no sin. Unaffected and dumb he moves about in the world.

* * *

The sharp edged sword, poison, and fire, are to the yogi no different from a garland, nectar, and dew.

When a yogi of this mental altitude stands any where, the spot is sanctified for miles around.

* * *

Celebacy, uncovetousness, kindness, unanger, placidity of mind, light food, and cleanliness are the rules of a yogi's conduct.

* * *

Single-minded, intent on God, deliberate, wise, introspective, with controlled senses, with chaste intelligence, valuing gold no more than stone, the yogi attains Supreme Bliss.

* * *

Here is misery and squalor; there the manifestation of love; near by a collection of various kinds of relations; farther away overlordship based on the possession of amassed wealth! Thus the world is like a quilt made of variegated patches.

* * *

Man, for a brief moment is a boy playing innocently with play-things; anon he is a youth with his mind bent on love; lo, he is penurious and struggling for money; or he is in luck and rolling in wealth; next his limbs are worn with age, and face unrecognisable with wrinkles; and then, like an actor who has played his part, he passes behind the curtain to the abode of Yama!

* * *

Age is threatening fiercely like a tigress; diseases attack the body like relentless enemies; the life-span keeps flowing like water in a broken pot; and yet, curiously we misspend our lives in false or evil pursuits.

* * *

We achieve wealth that can yield every enjoyment; what then? We place our foot on the head of every one of our enemies; what then? We have loaded our friends with magnificent rewards; what then? We attain an endless span of life and continue; what then?

Those who gave us birth, they are gone long ago; those who were our companions during boyhood and youth, they too have left mere memory behind; and we too are daily approaching our fall, like trees on the crumbling banks of a flooding river.

* * *

The pleasures I had, I no more have. Those that may come in future, are not yet mine. What I am now enjoying are but momentary. Then what is the sum total of it all?

* * *

I am a master of learning; I am an artist of renown; I have untold wealth; I am extremely handsome. Why does any one dwell on these vanities, when almost overnight all these will pass away?

* * *

Just as the sacrificial goat, unconscious of its imminent fate, gladly munches the fruits and grains offered to it at the time, men indulge in pleasures, heedless of the misery that lies beyond.

* * *

Thou Cupid, why dost thou tire your fingers by twanging your bow; thou cuckoo, why dost thou waste thy sweet warbles on unlistening ears; and oh maiden, why dost thou rain thy luscious and eloquent glances and seek to enchain me? My heart is full of the bliss of communion with God.

* * *

My mother earth, my father air, my friend light, my kinsman water, my brother sky, I tender to you my final parting bow. By the good fortune of my contact with you, I have attained that spiritual illumination which is leading me into unity with the Universal Spirit.

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FIRST EUROPEANS IN INDIA

Newberry, Fitch, Leedes and Storey, who were commissioned by a syndicate of London merchants to report on the possibilities of trade with India, are often acclaimed as having been the first Englishmen to reach that country.

This is not quite correct; for when those pioneers reached Goa in 1583, they were greeted by an English Jesuit, Father Thomas Stevens, who had been living there for about four years. And, even Stevens's title to be the first Englishman to reach India is not beyond dispute.

"The Anglo Saxon Chronicle" says that Alfred the Great sent one Sighelm or Swithelm, Bishop of Sherborne, and a monk called Athelstan to India via Rome in A.C. 883. And in his "Principal Navigations, Voyages and discoveries of the English nation" (1599), Richard Hakluyt tells us that gems which the Bishop brought back from India were still preserved at Sherborne Abbey.

There is also a strong South Indian tradition that Sighelm and his companion visited the shrine of St. Thomas at Mylapore, Madras.

On the other hand, Gibbon suggests that Sighelm may have gone no further than Egypt, and we know early writers sometimes rather loosely applied the name 'India' to the Levant and Near East. But whether Sighelm did or did not reach India, Stevens was undoubtedly the first Englishman to reside there for any length of time.

Born at Bushton in Wiltshire in 1549, Stevens was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and entered the Seminary of St. Andrea in Rome as a novice in 1575. On April 4th 1579 he embarked at Lisbon, and reached Goa via the Canaries and the Cape on the following October 24th.

He soon rose to be Rector of the Salsette College, and also made his mark as the first of a long time of British Indologists.

His magnum opus was a long poem of 11,000 couplets entitled "Christa Purano," which rendered the stories of the Bible into Konkani; and a Konkani Dictionary compiled by him was posthumously published by the St. Ignatius Press at Rachol near Old Goa in 1640.

But over and above his attainments as a 'Religious,' Stevens set in train a long sequence of momentous secular events. For soon after his arrival in India, he sent his father a glowing account of the country and its trading possibilities, which was published by Hakluyt and created a great stir.

A mercantile syndicate, which was headed by Sir Edward Osborne, and had already established a 'Factory,' at Aleppo in 1581, at once decided to extend its operations to India. As a preliminary, it despatched an expedition to 'spy out the land,' under the direction of John Newberry a noted traveller who had recently returned from the Eastern Gulf.

Newberry's companions were Ralph Fitch and John Eldred (merchants), James Storey (a painter) and William Leedes (an expert on gems). Armed with a Letter of Introduction from Queen Elizabeth to Akbar, they left London on February 12th 1583 in Tiger.

In due course the five travellers reached Basra, via Tripoli, Aleppo and Baghdad. From Basra, Eldred returned to London, while the other four embarked for Goa which was reached on November 29th 1583.

Soon after their arrival, Storey joined the Jesuits as a Lay Brother, but later reverted to secular life and married a Goan. He seems to have spent the rest of his days in Goa, though the present writer could find no trace of either his or Stevens' graves or even record of their deaths, when he visited Marmagoa, Panjim and Old Goa several years ago.

Newberry, Fitch and Leedes soon found themselves in prison for trying to convince local merchants that it would be more profitable to trade with the British than with the Portuguese.

Father Stevens, however, proved a friend in need, and persuaded the Archbishop of Goa to release his compatriots. But they continued their canvassing with greater verve than ever, until they heard that they were about to be arrested again.

They then fled across the border into Bijapur, and eventually reached Akbar's capital at Fatehpur Sikri in July 1585. Here Leedes was appointed 'Court Jeweller,' with a horse, five slaves, and the equivalent of six shillings a day.

He seems to have spent the rest of his life in the capital, and was presumably buried there in some unknown grave.

Newberry left Fatehpur Sikri for London via Aleppo in September 1585, but as he never reached England he doubtless died somewhere en route. In November 1585, Fitch also bade farewell to Leedes, and made an extensive tour of Bengal, Burma and Ceylon before returning to Goa via Cochin.

In November 1589, he left Goa for London, which he reached by way of Basra and Aleppo in April 1591. His enthusiastic reports, and an ever-growing demand for the rich spices of the Moluccas, naturally evoked much interest, and at length on September 24th, 1599, some 80 London merchants decided to found an 'East India Company' if they could obtain the requisite Charter from the Queen.

The Charter was granted on December 31st 1600, and the company's four ships sailed for Amboyna in April 1601.

Their vessels, of course, would have received short shrift in Portuguese preserves, and they therefore avoided Goa and made Swally at the mouth of the Tapti their Indian port of call on their voyages to South East Asia. It was at Swally, accordingly, that William Hawkins disembarked from Hector in August 1608, en route to Agra in the hope of obtaining a Trading Charter from Jehangir.

But Emperor and suppliant seem to have spent more time on the mutual pleasure of drinking each other's health than on any serious negotiations; and when Jehangir eventually called off the carousals at the instigation of the Portuguese, his crony was just sent packing with nothing accomplished, and all hopes of a firman dispelled.

Sir Henry Middleton and Nicholals Downton, who reached Swally in "Trade's Increase" and "Darling" in August 1611, fared no better in their talks with Jahangir's Vice-Regent at the flourishing city of Surat twelve miles upstream, whither Hawkins had retreated after his rebuff.

All three soon decided that there was little scope in India for the British, and accordingly set sail for Bantam.

Thomas Best, who reached Surat with Thomas Aldworth and Nathaniel Salmon in Dragon and Hoseander in September 1612, at once took the same gloomy view of the situation as their predecessors, and skedaddled after them to Bantam solely on the strength of a letter which Middleton had asked a merchant named Jadhow to deliver to the next British ship to reach the port.

But Aldworth defied his chief and refused to sail, contending that both Hawkins and Middleton had played their cards badly, and that the Emperor would prove amenable if properly approached.

Aldworth's optimism soon proved well founded, for on January 13th 1613 Jahangir did issue a firman which enabled him (Aldworth) to establish the first British 'Factory' (or diplomatic and trading enclave) in India, and

(*Continued on page 6*)

The Rationalist

SANSKRIT WISDOM

With arm raised aloft I thus declaim, yet no one hears me. "From *Dharma* or righteousness result wealth and all desires. Why is it then not pursued?"

* * *

To the unrighteous person days might come and go. But like the bellows of the smithy, he only breathes but does not live.

* * *

When a man is immune from the desire for others' women, others' wealth, and the desire to do evil to others, even sacred Ganges enquires, "when will such a man come and sanctify me by bathing in me?"

* * *

On waking up in the morning, one must think out, "What good deeds shall I do today? The Sun will set taking away a piece of my life-span with him."

* * *

This is the cream of Dharma. Hearken to it, and hearkening contemplate on it. "What is adverse to one, one should not practise towards others."

* * *

My son, getting up in the morning, think out what is good for the other world. What will happen to you in this world will transpire as ordained by your past Karma.

* * *

Those who seek wealth will find it by means of Dharma. To those who seek pleasures, Dharma will bring pleasures. To those who seek salvation Dharma is a natural means.

Dharma has eight paths; religious sacrifices, spiritual studies, generosity, ascetism, probity, forgiveness, compassion, and immunity from greed.

* * *

Harmlessness, forgiveness, truthfulness, innocence, restraint, rectitude, affection, benignity, sweetness, and tenderness are the ten rules of conduct.

* * *

At the back of all action there must be purity of mind.

* * *

How do wicked people have happy sleep at night, when only death intervenes between them and hell-fires?

* * *

Disease, loss of wealth, separation from the beloved, misfortune, sorrow, disappointments all-round, surely overtake the evil doer.

* * *

In three years, three months, three fortnights, or three days, the man of great virtue or great vice will reap the reward of his deeds.

* * *

Men should cultivate good qualities and virtues, not seek to depend on noisy clamour. Cows are valued by their milking powers, not by the sound of the bells they wear.

* * *

Men achieve esteem not by their opulent possessions but by their fine qualities. The full moon with black patches, is not so lovable as the waning moon in spotless white.

* * *

Silk is from a worm, gold is from a stone, wool from an animal, lotus from mire, moon from the ocean, fire from the faggot, the gem even from a serpent's head, medicine from the cow's bile. All these attain merit, not by their origin, but by their qualities.

G. R. Josyer.

YOUR PALM

Palmistry is a difficult and complex science. Most of us are attracted by it and would love to be able to "read hands," as we put it. But to do so, completely and accurately, takes years of close and careful study.

The various symbols and signs in your hands reveal your make-up and personality, Mir Bashir explains. Each mark gives clues to a specific aspect of your character. Apart from the minor marks there are major lines in your hands which throw light on the trends of your individual make-up and the pathway of your destiny.

The most important of these is the Line of Life. It begins between the first finger and the thumb on the edge of the palm, and encircling the ball of the thumb, ends near the wrist. This line gives information about the trend of health, physical constitution and probable length of your life.

Near its origin another major line begins, and crossing the palm horizontally, proceeds towards the striking edge of your hand. This is the Line of Mentality. It represents your mental attitude towards life—your memory, power of concentration and imagination.

Parallel to this line and nearer the roots of the fingers another major line crosses the palm horizontally. It begins below the first finger. This is the Line of Heart. It reveals your emotional nature. It also sheds light on the various aspects of your heart and love.

Close to the wrist another major line begins and, travelling through the palm vertically, tends to end below the middle finger. This is known as the Line of Destiny. It reveals your worldly wealth, changes of material fortunes as well as ups and downs of income.

Parallel to the Line of Destiny another major line crosses the palm vertically and terminates below the third finger. This is called the Line of Success. If you are lucky enough to have such a line in your hands, it will reveal the measures of your worldly success as well as your personal satisfaction associated with your enjoying the fruits of your success.

Above the Line of Heart and below the little finger several short horizontal lines pierce into the Palm from the striking edge of the hand. These are called the Lines of Marriage.

Each such line denotes your natural urge to respond to the opposite sex. What course this attraction is likely to take, how it is likely to end, all such aspects of your love life, are registered in the various formations of these short but really fascinating lines.

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(Continued from page 3.)

so become the first President of Surat and official pregenitor of the modern Governors of Bombay.

It is sad to relate that when Best got back to England from Bantam, he made such a scathing report on Aldworth's 'gross insubordination' that one William Edwardes was sent out to supersede him as President. The unjustly deposed Aldworth wandered off disconsolately to Nadiad (now Headquarters of the Kaira District) where he died in 1616.

His grave at Nadiad cannot now be traced, but historians will always remember him as the originator of a 'Chain Reaction' which had most far reaching effects on the whole subsequent history of India.

Further firmans from Jahangir (1505-27) and Shah Jehan (1627-66), and from various local potentates who followed their example, soon led to the establishment of a whole series of Factories at Cambay (1613), Broach (1614), Calicut (1616), Pulicat (1518), Masulipatam (1622), Agra. Ahmedabad and Berhampur (1623), Armagaon (1626), Madras (1639), Hoogly (8642), Cuddalore (1645), and several other less important stations.

By 1647, indeed, there were no less than 23 British Factories, manned by about 150 European servants of John company.

We have seen that that the first Englishmen to die in India—Stevens, Storey, Leedes and Aldworth—lie in what are now unknown graves. The oldest known British grave in India is that of the freelance traveller or 'interloper', John Mildenhall, who died in 1614.

C. B. C.

LUCK

They called him "Lucky Lindy" when he made his history-making flight across the Atlantic, but Charles Lindbergh was no care-free dare-devil trusting to chance. The late Frank Samuels told an anecdote to prove it.

When Lindbergh was flying air mail in St. Louis in 1926 and 1927 he occasionally found time to hop out to San Diego, where his plane, the Spirit of St. Louis, was being built at the little Ryan aircraft factory. Samuels would go along with him to inspect progress on the craft.

After a long day crowded with drawing board and workshop problems the two would put up at a small side-street hotel. One night Samuels woke shortly after midnight and noticed that Lindbergh's bed was unoccupied.

He finally made out Lindbergh sitting by the window, studying the stars. "For goodness' sake, boy," he asked, "what are you sitting there for?"

"Just practising."

"Practising what?"

"Staying awake all night," was the answer!

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A SOCIAL FUNCTION

The Mysore District Automobile Association held a pleasant social gathering on the 4th inst. at the Residency Bungalow, Nanjungud, to accord a fitting send off to the out-going District Magistrate, Sri M. S. Shankara Rao, M.Sc., I.A.S. and to extend warm welcome to Sri D. R. Chennarudriah, M.Sc., I.A.S. the new District Magistrate.

The bus-owners of the District were present in large number at the gathering, and the occasion provided opportunities of informal companionship between officials and non-officials.

After breakfast, and recorded music and tea, there was an assemblage, and Sri G. R. Ramiah welcomed the out-going and incoming Dt. Magistrates and the officers and members present, and requested Sri G. R. Josyer, M.A., F.R.E.S, the President of the Association, to preside over the meeting. In the course of his Presidential Speech Sri G. R. Josyer observed,

"Shri Shankara Rao, Sri Chennarudriya,
and Gentlemen,

It is my pleasant duty, as President of the Mysore District Automobile Association, to offer a few remarks on this happy though informal occasion.

We have met to express to Mr. M. S. Shankara Rao the gratitude of the members of the Association for his kindness during his tenure as Dist. Magistrate, and welcome Sri Chennarudriah who succeeds him in the exalted office

It may be news to Sri Chennarudriah to hear that this Association was started some 29 years ag by a District Magistrate, Sri A. V. Ramanathan. It is to the credit of Mr. Ramanathan, that while many trees planted recently in official Vanamahotsavas have died, this tree, despite vicissitudes, is still thriving, thanks to a few of its enthusiastic workers. When it shows signs of dying, somebody rises up and gives it first aid, and enthusiastically works for it. At present it is Mr. Narasimhiengar of C. P. C,—I mean, C. P. C. Mysore. We have another C. P. C. also, of Mangalore, a giant, which I remember Mr. Anantharaman speak of as the best conducted transport line in South India.—The T. V. lines came later.

The Dt. Magistrates also, ever since, Mr. Anantharaman, Keshaviengar, Kuppuswamy Iyengar, Mehkri, Wajid, Ranajodh Singh, Sri Nagaraja Rao,—whose return to Mysore as Divisional Commissioner we gladly welcome, —Mohammad Ahamad, Swaminathan, Balasubrahmanyam, have fostered the Association by continuing to bestow on it their official goodwill.

The latest in the distinguished list is Sri M. S. Shankara Rao, who has administered the controls with a blend of discipline and sympathetic understanding.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that for over 26 years,—ever since they began a strike in 1929 on account of Mr. Mathan's exorbitant rates,—this speaker has been tied to it as President,—perhaps the longest record in the history of any Association in the old or enlarged Mysore State.

Sri Shankara Rao is, by exigencies of service, called off to carry on the good work in another field. It behoves us on the occasion to convey to him our individual and collective good wishes for a prosperous official career in ever widening fields, and for a long life of unalloyed happiness.

Sri Channarudriah, personally, is new to most of us, but his reputation as a good officer has preceded him, and we are glad to offer him hearty welcome. For one who has been Commissioner in so exciting a field as the

Bangalore Corporation, the District Magistrateship of Mysore must be like a smooth sea, or a pleasant swimming pool!

The members of the Mysore Dt. Automobile Association wish him a good time in Mysore, and hope that during his regime, and under his indirect guidance, it will be able to celebrate its Silver Jubilee, already much belated.

I thank our two illustrious guests, Sri M. S. Shankara Rao and Sri D. R. Chennarudriah, for graciously responding to our request to spend some time with us."

Sri M. S. Shankara Rao and Sri D. R. Chennarudriah thanked the President for the welcome accorded to them and pleasant things said about them, and congratulating the Association on its long and useful career, hoped that the bus-owners of the District would make its road transport efficient and prosperous. Sri K. Narayana Rao then speaking on behalf of the bus-owners, explained their difficulties and requested sympathetic consideration from the controlling authorities.

In conclusion Sri Narasimhiengar, the Secretary, garlanded the chief guests and the President, and proposed a vote of thanks. With the singing of the National Anthem the pleasant function terminated.

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UNDER UNESCO?

High walls will surround the grounds of America's first nudist hotel which is now being built on a seventy-six-acre stretch of New Jersey woodland at Clarsburg, about thirty miles from New York.

The work will not be completed until the late autumn. This unique £35000 hotel will have outdoor and indoor swimming pools, a gymnasium and a landing field for aircraft. Its sponsors have announced that the hotel's heating will be so good that guests won't have to wear a stitch of clothing, however cold the weather may be outside.

Nudism in the United States has increased since the war, and every year a nudists' convention takes place. At one of these conventions, attended by 356 people who took off their clothes directly they reached the seclusion of the private park where it was held, the president's address included an attack on French bathing suits.

"They are too concealing," he complained. "They go pretty far towards nudism, but not far enough. Our philosophy is that anything that conceals, attracts. We are in favour of shrinking all bathing suits completely."

Everybody took off everything but their shoes at another conference of enthusiastic sun-lovers in a secluded mountain valley in Colorado some time ago. The shoes were kept on because of rocky soil.

On one or two days it was noticed that some of the men also wore socks. Why? "Because," explained one, "we must have some place to carry our cigarettes."

* * *

We hope it is not under the auspices of the UNESCO! Ed.

The Rationalist

SANSKRIT WISDOM

I

Vidagdha Saakalya asked Yaagnyavalkya, the great teacher, "How many Gods are there, holy Yaagnyavalkya?"

Yaagnyavalkya answered, "As many as are mentioned in the Hymn to all the Gods, namely three hundred and three, and three thousand and three."

"Yes, but just how many Gods are there, Yaagnyavalkya?"

"Thirty-three.

"Yes, but just how many Gods are there, Yaagnyavalkya?"

"Three."

"Yes, but just how many Gods are there, Yaagnyavalkya?"

"Two."

"Yes, but just how many Gods are there, Yaagnyavalkya?"

"One and a half."

"Yes, but just how many Gods are there, Yaagnyavalkya?"

"One."

"Yes, which are those three hundred and three, and three thousand and three?"

"Those are only their powers. There are just thirty-three Gods."

"Which are those thirty three?"

"Eight Vasus, eleven Rudras, twelve Adityas. Those are thirty one. Indra and Prajapathi make thirty three."

"Which are the Vasus?"

"Fire, earth, wind, atmosphere, sun, sky, moon, and stars. These are Vasus. For, upon them this excellent world 'abides'. Therefore they are called 'Vasus'."

"Which are the Rudras?"

"These ten breaths in a person, and the self as the eleventh. When they go out from this mortal body they make us 'lament'. Therefore they are called Rudras."

"Which are the Adityas?"

"Verily, the twelve months of the year. They go 'carrying along this whole world.' Therefore they are Adityas."

"Which is Indra, which Prajapati?"

"The thunder, verily, is Indra. The sacrifice is Prajapati."

"Which is thunder?"

"The thunderbolt."

"Which is sacrifice?"

"The sacrificial animals."

"Which are the six Gods?"

"Fire, earth, wind, atmosphere, sun, and sky. These are the six, for, the whole world is the six."

"Which are the three Gods?"

"They, verily, are the three worlds, for, in them all these Gods exist."

"Which are the two Gods?"

"Food and breath."

"Which is the one and a half?"

"This one here who purifies, the wind."

"Since he who purifies is just like one, how is he one and a half?"

"Because in him this whole world prospers, therefore he is one and a half."

"Which is the one God?"

"Breath. They call him Brahma."

* * *

II

Janaka, king of Videha, besought Sage Yaagnyavalkya to enlighten him.

"Yaagnyavalkya, what light does a person here have?" he asked.

"He has the light of the sun, Janaka, for with the sun as his light one sits, moves around, does his work, and returns."

"Quite so, Yaagnyavalkya. But when the sun has set, what light does a person here have?"

"The moon is then his light, and with that one sits, moves around, does his work, and returns."

"Quite so, Yaagnyavalkya. But when the sun has set, and the moon has set, what light does a person here have?"

"Fire indeed is his light, for with fire as his light, one sits, moves around, does his work, and returns.

"Quite so. But when the sun has set, and the moon has set, and the fire has gone out, what light does a person here have?"

"Speech indeed is his light, and with it one sits, moves around, does his work, and returns. Therefore, verily, king, where one does not discern even his own hands, when a voice is raised one goes straight towards it."

"Quite so, Yaagnyavalkya. But when the sun has set, and the moon has set, and the fire has gone out, and speech is hushed, what light does a person here have?"

"The Soul, indeed, is his light, for with the soul, indeed, as his light, one sits, moves around, does his work, and returns," said Sage Yaagnyavalkya.

G. R. Josyer.

COMPARATIVE SPEEDS

While a naturalist was driving in the country recently a hare suddenly jumped out from a hedge and sped away up the road in front of the car.

The naturalist decided to check its speed. The car was accelerated to 30 miles an hour, but the hare kept well ahead. Then it vanished into a field. At no time did the hare appear to be unduly exerting itself, reported the naturalist.

Close observers of the speeds achieved by wild animals point out that the hare's heart is "tuned up" by nature to enable it to reach top speed in a second or two.

A New Zealand motor-cyclist in 1922 saw a hare start up before him on a dead straight road. For half a mile he managed to keep "on the hare's tail" and his speedometer showed a record of 45 miles an hour!

Rabbits are slower than hares, but a Swiss observer checked the speed of one in 1929, and found it exceeded 34 miles an hour when it was going "all out".

Cheetahs are speedsters. Derby winners and grey-hounds are "also rans" compared with them From a standing start, a cheetah can attain a speed of 45 miles an hour in three seconds! It can sprint without difficulty at 70 miles an hour! A fleet-footed gazelle outpaced a car which travelled at 60 miles an hour in the Gobi Desert of Asia, reported Dr. Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History. Other naturalists have mentioned an elk which did 52 miles an hour, a lion which ran at 62 miles an hour, and an antelope that for three miles achieved 52 miles an hour!

It has been found that giraffes, buffaloes and ostriches are winded after quite short bursts of speed at 35 miles an hour.

A STORY

Spain's greatest true-love story was recently commemorated at a festival attended by tens of thousands of people, a Madrid correspondent writes. It is the story of the "Lovers of Teruel," a town in Central Spain.

They were handsome Diego de Marcilla and beautiful Isabel de Segura, and the festival marked the fourth centenary of their exhumation and reburial side by side in the picturesque church of San Pedro, Teruel.

Diego and Isabel died early in the thirteenth century. They had loved each other passionately since childhood, but Diego was penniless and Isabel's father decided that she should marry Senor Pedro de Azagra, a fabulously rich merchant.

Finally, in response to Diego's pleadings, Isabel's father agreed that if he returned with wealth within five years he might marry Isabel. The delighted Diego went away, and within three years he had made so much money that he was one of the richest men in Spain!

He was returning to claim his bride, when he was captured by the Moors, who still held Valencia, and was imprisoned there. Vainly he pleaded for his release, but he remained the Moors' prisoner for two years. Then his captors let him go, and he hurried to Teruel, arriving just too late to marry Isabel. Her father had pledged her to Azagra.

Overcome by the shock, Diego fell dead; and the grief-stricken Isabel died next day!

ಯಜುರುಪಾಕರ್ಮ	೦–೪–೦.
ಯಜುಸ್ಸಂಧ್ಯಾವಂದನೆ	೦–೪–೦.
ವಿಶಿಷ್ಟಾದ್ವೈತಸಾರ	
"ಚಿಕ್ಕದೇವರಾಜವಿಜಯಂ" ದಿವ್ಯಗ್ರಂಥದಮೇಲಿನ ಉಪನ್ಯಾಸಮಾಲೆ.	೦—೪—೦.
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DO YOU CARE?

W. J. Coppock, of California University, is claiming that he can teach *worms* to remember.

He says he put some worms in a glass tube and taught them by flashing a light on them that they can swim through an opening in the tube and get food on the other side.

The next day he flashed the light on them and they promptly swam through the opening to look for the food!

Who cares whether a worm remembers or not, anyway? Another worm, I suppose! X.

SHOPPING TRENDS

When the British housewife of the year 2000 goes shopping, she'll do it in self-service shops and stores where the goods revolve slowly round her. She will push buttons to record her purchases. And when she's finished, an escalater will carry her and her purchases to the cash desk.

This forecast has been made recently by an expert on world shopping trends who predicts that practically all the shopping of the future will be on self-service lines.

Some proprietors of self-service stores are overcoming pilfering by installing "magic-mirrors" which look like ordinary mirrors put near the ceiling for decoration.

Actually, they are the windows of the manager's upstairs office, and are made of special glass through which dishonest shoppers can be secretly observed!

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NOISE-RESEARCH

Milkman Robert Thompson whistled cheerfully to himself as he walked briskly up and down the empty streets of the sleeping town of Omaha, Nebraska, U.S.A. Jangling his crates of bottles, he swung through garden gates, letting them slam behind him, and his shoes echoed on the flagstones in the stillness of the early morning.

By seven o'clock he had worked through the outskirts and was in the city itself—and in trouble! Here a sleepy-eyed policeman saw—and heard—him, and the next day the milkman found himself in court charged with breaking a by-law which protects sleepers from the clatter of milk bottles. He was fined one dollar (7s. 2d.)

To-day governments, with the help of scientists, are waging an all-out war on one of the greatest curses of civilization—NOISE. Doctors are worried that the ever-increasing din of modern life may be responsible for the post-war outcrop of neurotics, for loud noice is a physical assault—an attack on the nervous system.

It can seriously affect digestion, thicken the ear drums, stiffen the small bones of the body and make a person thoroughly exhausted. A doctor reports that in cases of pneumonia or early convalescence the back-firing of a car or frequent sounding of a car horn may be sufficient to cause a relapse.

Indeed, horn-blowing was recently outlawed in one American city, except for occasional toots in cases of emergency.

But you can make as much noise as you like—and hardly hear yourself—in a unique "room of silence" recently built at the University of California.

The entire room has been covered with sound-absorbing spikes of glass-fibre and will be used this autumn for experiments in measuring the noise produced by motors and various electrical devices. The noises will be recorded on instruments outside.

Criminologists are now investigating a link between city noise and city crime, and New York's "Committee for a Quiet City" is experimenting with plastic dustbins, following a report that clanging metal bins are the last straw for some highly-strung New Yorkers!

In July this year, Ramsgate's council voted to petition the Prime Minister to banish screaming American jet aircraft from near-by Manton air base.

"Intolerable, unbearable, frightful," shouted council members, protesting that the noise was killing the town's holiday trade and forcing some residents to the brink of nervous breakdowns. Complained one alderman: "The other day my little grand-daughter, aged five, fell on the ground with her hands over her ears, absolutely terrified."

The simple truth, which is understandable enough to those who live near airfields, is that practically nothing can be done to tame the ear-splitting roar of jets. If 8,000,000 people roared together they would make less noise than a single jet engine!

Scientists are to be congratulated, certainly, on the successful development of ground "mufflers" which effectively reduce jet noise to a bearable level while 'planes are warming up prior to take-off, but in the air adequate silencing is impossible.

Noise in blocks of flats is another nuisance which is receiving close attention. For years experts believed that the clatter heard clearly around buildings—and from deck to deck in ships—was carried through air. Now it has been discovered that the reason the noise of, for example, an all-night burning fire being raked can be heard several flats away is because it is transmitted through the walls and floors!

Tests show that glass-fibre "carpets" laid over concrete floors, together with suspended ceilings for the rooms below, effectively insulate against most of the bumps and bangs that plague flat-dwellers.

If you live in a flat and as a hobby play a musical instrument, you're pretty certain to have had the neighbours banging on your door. Harry Mills, sixty-two-year-old porter at a block of flats in Earl's Court, London, has solved the problem by buying a sound-proof telephone booth.

He fixed it up in a spare bedroom at his home and practises his accordion for hours without annoying anybody! Even his wife, sitting in the lounge, cannot hear a thing.

"It's a very good idea," says Harry of his kiosk, "but I'm nearly deafened now!"

Researchers in the British motor industry are at work eliminating the sources of noise in cars. So far they have discovered that rubber mounting of certain parts of the body-work and engine can cut the level of noise by about thirty per cent.

People who live on or near main roads—as I do—will however be wondering when someone is going to do something about the noise *outside* motor vehicles. I almost envy those people who are woken up by the rattle of milk bottles; my reveille is the shrill scream of motor-assisted bicycles, mopeds, and motor scooters which begin to rip past my house carrying early birds to work.

With more and more noisy "pop-pops', flooding on the roads every year, creating far more din than their size warrants, I feel the ultimate noise limit cannot be far off. Engineers, I am sure, can silence these things; is it unfair to suggest that the reason they don't is because adequate silencing would affect performance?

And can anyone tell me why the motor manufacturers still make car doors that have to be slammed shut?

Researchers into the causes and control of noise say that one of their biggest problems is that few people can agree about what is noisy and what isn't. Some very loud noises are welcome; the rasp of exhaust of a grand prix racing car is music to the enthusiast, but murder to someone not interested; hep-cats can jive all night in absolute bedlam, without ill effects, but neighbours go crazy. Some very quiet noises, on the other hand, can be devastating; like a dripping tap, or a fly buzzing on the ceiling.

Noise has been proved to cause physical pain, and if big enough, can kill. Scientists have killed mice and rats with high-pitched sound vibration. In one experiment, cockroaches died in about three seconds, and mosquitoes in ten seconds! Ultra-sonic vibrations can kill bacteria and even bore holes in our teeth for the dentist!

Doctors say that most people suffer from noise, but not everyone is aware of it. Noise takes its toll on the nerves, producing irritability which is often just put down to bad temper.

It has been suggested that working in a constant noise lowers a man's reactions, especially to danger. Is this the cause of some industrial accidents? And how much absenteeism through illness is traceable to excessive noise?

Many people think that if only factories could be made quieter production would sharply increase. Indeed, some manufacturers are sensibly isolating exceptionally noisy pieces of equipment with sound-absorbing walls.

As the number of engines increases on modern aircraft, pilots' ears are subjected to greater onslaught. Designers realize that with constant noise the level of tension rises sharply. With this tension comes pilot fatigue and human error—possible cause of crashes.

(*Continued on page 4.*)

The Rationalist

SANSKRIT WISDOM

I

The three-fold offspring of Prajapathi, the Creator, gods, men, and demons, went to Him and sought wisdom.

The gods said, "Give us knowledge, Sir". He replied with a single syllable, "Da", and asked, "Did you understand?" "Yes, Sir. You said to us, "Damayata", "Restrain yourselves." "Yes. you did understand", He said.

Then men said to Him, "Speak to us, Sir," He replied, "Da", "Did you understand?" "Yes, Sir", they said, "We did understand. You said to us "Datta", "Give". "Yes", He said, you did understand".

Then the demons said to Him, "Speak to us, Sir"

He said, "Da", "Did you understand?" They replied, "Yes sir, we did, you said to us, "Dayadhwam," "Be compassionate". "Yes", He said, "you did understand."

This same thing "Da! Da! Da!" does the divine voice, thunder, repeat even today "Restra yourselves! Give! Be compassionate!"

II

Verily this whole world is Brahma. Tranquilly let one worship It as that from which he came forth, as that into which he will be dissolved, as that in which he breathes.

According to the purpose which a person has in this world, does he become on departing thence. Therefore should he form for himself a purpose.

He who consists of mind, whose body is life, whose form is light, whose conception is truth, whose soul is space, containing all works, containing all desires, containing all tastes, encompassing this whole world, the unspeaking, the unconcerned,—this soul of man within the heart is smaller than a grain of rice or a barley-corn, or a mustard seed, or a grain of millet; this soul within the heart is greater than the earth, greater than the atmosphere, greater than the sky, greater than these worlds.

Containing all works, containing all desires, containing all odours, containing all tastes, encompassing this whole world, the unspeaking the unconcerned, this soul of mine, within the heart, is Brahma. Into Him I shall enter on departing hence. He who knows this, knows all.

G. R. Josyer.

(*Continued from page 3.*)

Only last month a severe headache, brought on by tension, temporarily blinded a twenty-nine-year-old air force pilot on a flight over Virginia, U.S.A. He radioed an SOS and another 'plane took off, flew alongside him and guided him safely home by wireless!

In 1956 we can only hope that it will not be much longer before scientists working on noise control will catch up with sound. X.

SHEER COINCIDENCE?

How's this for coincidence? South Africans Aubrey Goodwill and Robert Wyngardt met for the first time when they joined the same regiment during the war on the same day. They were both posted to the Natal Mounted Rifles on the same day, and at the war's end both returned to their homes—Wyngaardt in the Transvaal and Goodwill in the Cape—in the same 'plane.

Four years later they met by pure chance in a Durban hotel, and discovered that they had both been married on the same day! More than that, their wives were named Madge and each had a bridesmaid named Mavis! They had also booked honeymoon reservations in the same hotel!

Talking together in Durban, the two men discovered that each of their fathers was named Colin, and that each had a brother named Colin! After fifteen months the men discovered that each now had a daughter—named Barbara!

Wyngaardt and Goodwill parted company again, and did not meet until recently, when Goodwill bought a house in Durban. A month or so later the adjoining house was taken—by the Wyngaardt!

POLICE DOG, NOW POLICE-ROOSTER

An old wives' tale that a rooster will crow when floated over a human body was put to the test in Lindsay, Ontario, recently after police and firemen were unable to find the body of Charles Doherty, who was drowned in the Scugog river. A rooster was placed in a canoe, which was rowed around on the river.

Suddenly, the rooster crowed. The river was dragged at the spot, and the body was found!

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CIVILIZATION AND UGLINESS

Is civilization making people uglier? Dr. Harry Wood, head of the University of Arizona's art department, has no doubts on this point. City-dwelling Americans, he says, have probably the ugliest faces in the world, because they show the marks of strain, tension and inner conflict not found elsewhere.

When the doctor seeks lovely faces he goes into hilly districts and discovers them among unspoilt peasant folk. When he's looking for the world's ugliest faces he goes to New York! There he finds, he says, examples of facial ugliness, knotty, perplexed and hauntingly repellent features, for which he blames the rush and fury of American life with its multiplicity of nerve-straining allurements, from TV to jive club atmospheres.

If Dr. Wood came to Britain would he find the same signs? I think so. National Health Service doctors report a big rise in illnesses caused by tension, says a writer.

What about India?

HIS LUCK

Bad luck sometimes dogs one. Ted Cross, of Erlanger, Kentucky, for instance, has every reason to be cross. A thief stole his car, drove a couple of blocks and crashed into a lorry. Both the car and lorry were extensively damaged. The lorry also belonged to Cross!

HIS LUCK

Motorist Fred Collins was leisurely travelling along the road at Casey (U.S.) when a car doing a high speed hit him on the near-side. At the same time, another car elbowed him on the off-side. All three vehicles skidded to a stop. The two erring drivers got out, surveyed the damage d, after apologizing to Collins, took him along to a second-hand car dealer where they treated him to another vehicle!

LOVING ONE'S WORK

I've just got to bed after working fourteen hours without a break. I've had no meals—just an occasional cup of tea or coffee—there's been no time.

Won't I get a lot of overtime money? No, my job doesn't recognize overtime. We are paid for an eight-hour day—after that our time has to be given voluntarily.

Won't I get a lot of extra time off in lieu of extra hours worked? No. There is always too much to do to allow for that.

What does my union say about all this?

Nothing. My job has no union.

Why don't we strike? Nobody in my job has ever been known to do so.

Why don't I give up my job and look for and look for a more lucrative one and with shorter working hours?

Because, like hundreds of my colleagues, I love my work and wouldn't change it for any other in the world!

What am I? A District Midwife!

X.

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Printed at the Coronation Press, Chamaraja Road, Mysore, and Published by G. R. Josyer.

Registered No. M. 4359.

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A Weekly

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Proprietor & Editor : G. R. JOSYER, M.A., F.R.E.S.

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LOST GRIP ?

"Has the Prime Minister begun to lose grip on himself, for he appears to have become World-War-and-Atom-Bomb-jittery? A man of fearlessness and courage, he should not fear to express his views on the side of Right, however much Might may appear forceful or threatening. Panchashila of the brave is what Gandhiji would appreciate!

India's foreign policy, so carefully built and nurtured by the Prime Minister's acumen and foresight has induced India to shed her isolationism, has made her appreciate the one-world ideal, has made her participate unreservedly in world affairs and be solidly behind the P.M. in the stand he has often taken in the United Nations. But the storm clouds which have been gathering over India for some time past, have during the past few weeks, revealed the P.M. off his usual poise. It is very distressing to watch the recent trends in his foreign policy. The country is shocked to note that the P.M. is deviating and is even prepared to take disputes outside the U.N. as is evidenced by his acquiescence in the Summit Conference! As a rebuff, and in sharp contrast, is President Eisenhower's adherence to keep the resolution of conflicts within the confines of the United Nations.

Perhaps the P.M. by his colossal personality, is imposing on a sheepish Congress Party, his personal views and is fast committing the whole country to the uncertainties and insecurities of Communism! India, while she has never been afraid of Communism, is certainly averse to cutting away from her traditional moorings and from her concepts of sound democratic Socialism, whatever the "socialistic pattern" of the Congress Party may mean!

The present predicament is perhaps the result of the domination of the country by a colossus, however great and true a son of India he is! Is there no one in the country who can match his thinking and veer him back to the path of reason?"

A Correspondent.

DO IT YOURSELF

Recently a "Do It Yourself" enthusiast found that he needed money, so he proceeded to make some—literally. He bought metal toys and melted them down, then he made plaster casts of coin of the realm and produced his own unofficial cash which he rubbed over with boot blacking to take off the newness.

Now he has five years' enforced retirement in which time may lie heavy on his hands unless he finds some other hobby.

This should not be difficult, for it is surprising what a wide range of activities are available to convicts. A girl who was sentenced for murder in New Zealand has passed the School Certificate examination after a year's study, while in Sweden a man serving a sentence ran a successful business from his prison address.

In Britain, any prisoners in for more than six months can start to learn a language or a trade by taking a course. They are also encouraged to use their talents: one man made a fine violin out of scraps, and another spent years building an organ for the prison chapel.

There are less reputable hobbies, like that of the enterprising American convicts who ran a marriage agency from inside a jail!

ಯಜುರುಪಾಕರ್ಮ ೦—೪—೦.

ಯಜುಸ್ಸಂಧ್ಯಾವಂದನೆ ೦—೪—೦.

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ONE ARMED DRIVE

On his head was a bowler hat; in his right hand was an electric razor; and with his left hand a Swedish motorist drove along a country road shaving himself, with the razor plugged into his twelve-volt car battery.

A police official could hardly believe his eyes, but stopped him, pointing out that he had not proper control of the car.

"Nonsense," replied the motorist, "there are one-armed drivers who drive quite safely, aren't there?" He was taken to court, but was found not guilty of driving without proper control.

A barber in Charlottesville, Virginia, claimed the world's shaving speed record in 1946 by giving one of his customers "a perfect shave" in sixty seconds without any cuts or nicks. But forty-four years earlier, a Belfast barber shaved six men in two minutes. He also shaved one man with a carving knife in eighty-five seconds and another with a penknife in forty-five seconds.

It has been calculated that a man shaves two square miles of face during his lifetime and cuts off 250 million hairs!

Bronze razors with ivory handles were used by the ancient Egyptians for shaving. Early men also shaved with flint, iron and pumice stone. The first safety-razor was invented in 1762 by a master cutler in Paris, Jean-Jacques Perret. His was a straight razor fitted with a guard. The usual type of safety-razor, with a blade at an angle to the handle, was first patented by a Londoner, William S. Henson, in 1847.

WANT TO SLIM?

If you want to slim eat—FAT: The way back to a slim figure is via butter, cream, krippers, fried eggs, bacon, cream cheese and steaks with the fat still on them.

This is what Professor A. Kekwick, of Middlesex Hospital, says in a recent issue of the 'Lancet.' Eat fat to get thin.

Professor Kekwick found that the loss of weight was more rapid on diets with a high fat content, and less rapid on high protein diets. Loss of weight was exceedingly slow on diets composed mainly of carbohydrates. The conclusion drawn from Professor Kekwick's report is that you must eat fat and lots of it if you want to be slim.

PUNCTUATION TEST

Some of us stumble over punctuation when we write letters; even teachers. As a test recently teachers assembled at the National Education Conference at Takoma, Washington, were given the following sentence and asked to punctuate and make sense out of it.:—

"That that is is that that is not is not but that that is not is not that that is nor is that that is that that is not."

Only a few produced the copybook solution. Properly punctuated the sentence reads:—

"That, that is, is; that, that is not, is not; but that, that is not, is not that that is; nor is that, that is, that that is not."

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ECONOMICS OF DEMOCRACY!

The allowances and privileges of the Governors of reorganised States are elucidated in an order issued by the Union Ministry of Home Affairs.

According to this order, the Andhra Pradesh Governor will be permitted a total allowance of Rs. 46,800, which covers sumptuary and entertainment allowances, establishment of Military Secretary, maintenance and repairs of furnishings of official residences, allowance for maintenance of motor cars and tour expenses.

For the same purpose a sum of Rs. 68,410 has been allocated to the Bombay Governor, 34,200 for the Governor of Kerala, Rs. 42,800 for the Governor of Madhya Pradesh, 67,800 for the Governor of Madras, Rs. 40,800 for the Mysore Governor, Rs. 34,800 for the Punjab Governor and Rs. 40,800 for the Rajasthan Governor.

Besides these allowances, the Governor of Bombay has been allowed Rs. 1,13,000 for renewal of furnishings of his official residences, the Governor of Madras Rs. 70,000 for renewal of furnishings of the Government Houses at Guindy and Ootacamund, and Rs. 10,000 is allotted for Barnes Court, the official residence of the Punjab Governor at Simla.

An expenditure of Rs. 87,000 has been allowed to the Governor of Bombay in respect of maintenance and repairs of his official residence. For the same purpose, the Madras Governor has been allowed Rs. 55,800 and the Punjab Governor Rs. 13,000.

The expenditure earmarked for official railway saloons is Rs. 1,500 in the case of Andhra Pradesh, Rs. 2,400 in the case of Bombay, Rs. 3,000 in the case of Madras and Rs. 1,300 in the case of the Punjab.

Each Governor including an Acting Governor, will be paid, in connection with his appointment an allowance equal to his annual expenses in travelling with his family, if any, and his family's effects to take up his duties as Governor or Acting Governor, and a similar allowance on his vacating the office to return to the place where he ordinarily resides.

Each Governor, but not an Acting Governor, is being paid an equipment allowance of Rs. 1,600 and a sum to be fixed from time to time by the President to be spent on the purchase of suitable motor cars, for the use of the Governor.

Each Governor will be entitled without payment of rent or hire the use of his official residences and official railway saloons and rivercraft and aircraft and motor cars and no charge will fall on him personally in respect of their maintenance. Each Governor will receive a leave allowance at the rate of Rs. 2,750 per mensem.

No customs duties will be levied on certain articles intended for the use of the Governor. These include articles for the personal use of the Governor and his family, food, drink and tobacco for consumption for the Governor's household or his guests, whether official or not, and motor cars provided for the Governor's use.

The existing privileges continue in respect of other Governors.

LEGAL LOOPHOLES

An assize judge wondered recently whether he could accept a naked footprint as evidence against an alleged barefooted burglar. In giving evidence on footprints and fingerprints, a Scotland Yard expert mentioned that in twenty-eight years he had examined millions of fingerprints never to find two the same—and then the defence counsel leapt up.

They pointed out that if the detective had examined only a million prints he would have had to look at twenty an hour every single working day for twenty-eight years—and millions of prints involved obviously double this task.

Though the burglar was convicted on other grounds, legal loopholes often trick justice. Convicted of house-breaking, one crook won an appeal because a window was open. He pointed out that he didn't have to break anything to get in.

An embezzler made a getaway from England and escaped to Australia. Detectives traced him and the Home office began extradition proceedings. But the man's lawyers pointed out to an Australian magistrate that a person to be extradited must be liable to the death penalty or imprisonment with hard labour—and Britain abolished imprisonment with hard labour in 1948. On this technical point the man was released.

In West Germany an admitted member of a smuggling gang shot and killed a man standing in a doorway in East Germany. Accused of the shooting in West Germany, he was able to prove that the killing occurred in East Germany where he had never been.

When the East German police tried to extradite him as a fugitive from justice, he successfully claimed that he couldn't be a fugitive since, he had never been in East Germany. But the West German authorities successfully imprisoned him for a maximum term on a charge of using a weapon with intent to kill.

Even a schoolboy startled a juvenile court recently by his astute defence on a legal loophole. Knowing children to be instinctively honest, the owner of a sweetshop kept penny twists of sweets beside a box with the notice, "Take one and drop a penny in the slot."

Carefully every day the boy put a penny in the slot, but the coin was fastened to a piece of thread with which he whisked it out again.

"The notice tells you to drop a penny in the slot," he declared. "It doesn't say anything about leaving it there!"

PALACE CAR TAKES TOLL

"Yalakaiah, a washerman aged about 35, resident of Rajaram Agrahar died last week in a car accident near the junction of the Ramanuja and Basavesvara Roads.

Yalakaiah, it is stated, was walking along the Ramanuja Road with a bundle of clothes. A car belonging to Palace while taking a turn from Basavesvara Road dashed against him. Yalakaiah fell on the footpath and died instantaneously.

The occupants of the car, it is learnt, were only the Palace driver Chamiah and Kempaiah, brother of Secretary in waiting Mahadeviah.

Police are investigating."

Says a report. Citizens of Mysore are sick of Palace cars' periodical bloody tolls.

This, we believe, is the half-a-dozenth occurrence. And we haven't heard of the Mysore Police doing anything in the matter. If the Nizam's car did the same, he would be hounded out. The Mysore ex-Prince seems to be immune, perhaps by treaty with easy-going Delhi! We congratulate him!

WONDERS OF DENTISTRY

Ten years ago a boxer had one of his front teeth knocked out. While the crowd yelled, he picked it up, wiped it on his shorts and put it back.

Next morning he went to his dentist to have it "replanted". To-day his smile is still perfect.

The other day, too, pretty Mrs. Charlotte Hughes had two of her front teeth knocked out in a car crash while on holiday in the south of France. Though a dentist promptly patched her up with two false teeth, she wasn't satisfied.

Over the 'phone her London dentist told her he could save her teeth if she hurried home. With her teeth in her handbag Mrs. Hughes made the 1,000-mile return run in the fastest possible time—and all her teeth, too, are still her own.

Tooth transplanting is one of the new wonders of dentistry. A schoolboy had a tooth knocked out during a rugger scrum. He kept it in his pocket for a month before telling a dental surgeon. Splinted when the tooth was taken out and shown to her, she murmured, "I've made a mistake. I wish you could put it back!" The tooth was filled on the laboratory bench and successfully replanted.

A famous dental surgeon has had seven of his own teeth successfully replanted. Soon he hoped to be able to boast. "I've had all my teeth out, but I still have all my own teeth!"

ABOUT SNEEZING!

How do you sneeze? Scientists find that children sneeze like their parents and there are almost as many types of sneezes as there are family traits.

A thirteen-year-old girl struck a novel pattern, however, when she started sneezing constantly. Doctors decided that it wasn't just a cold. Hay fever experts were baffled. At the end of two months the girl was still sneezing.

Then psychiatrist Dr. Leo Kanner remembered the ancients' belief that sneezing is a sign of a troubled spirit, or more correctly, of possession by an evil spirit. He suggested a new school and other adjustments for the girl and cured her within two days.

Even now, that's why you say "Bless you!" when somebody sneezes—to make the evil spirit leave in a hurry!

Measuring sneeze velocities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, experts have found that dust or bacteria particles can be projected in a sneeze at about 150 feet a second. You thus sneeze at 100 miles per hour.

Investigating sneezes, scientists of the Common Cold Research Unit at Salisbury also discovered that the mildest atishoo releases 100,000 microbe-carrying particles. Even a hankie used for half a minute releases 15,000 particles.

How then should you sneeze? The medicle men say that turning the head is far from sufficient. It's best to bend the whole body in a deep bow, sneezing floorwards.

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MARKETING NOVELTIES

Food supermarkets, which account for more than one-half of what is America's number one retail business, are spreading throughout the world. People of three-score nationalities are learning to appreciate the advantages of these self-service food shops, where the customer wheels a shopping basket along rows of tempting foodstuffs piled on low shelves within reach of his hand.

The supermarket revolution is uprooting age-old shopping habits from Rio de Janeiro to Tokyo and from Los Angeles to Stockholm. By the end of last year 7,600 self-service food markets had sprung up in 64 other countries, besides the 20,000 which are flourishing in every part of the United States. Supermarketing has become big business in Britain, Australia, Mexico and Peru, Sweden, West Germany, Switzerland and Iceland. In Cairo, where traditionally the men go shopping, women have boldly invaded Egypt's first supermarkets. Barefoot African women with babies slung over their shoulders wheel baskets through a gleaming, modern supermarket in Accra on the Gold Coast.

Supermarkets have achieved their phenomenal success through ingenious sales psychology and low prices. An efficient supermarket operates at a net profit of only about one per cent of sales. Thus when it fails to make money on the bargains that pull you into the store, it must see to it that you also buy some high profit merchandise like sweets, jellies, spies, gourmet items—and all non-foods. How is that done? You sell these things to yourself.

You drift round the self-service shop in a kind of trance. Touching, feeling, picking up the merchandise, you buy on impulse—far more lavishly than in a shop with assistants behind the counters. The average supermarket customer makes seven unplanned, impulse purchases for every three planned purchases, a study of shopping habits has shown.

Have you ever gone into a self-service shop for a pound of coffee and come out with two jars of olives, a new anchovy spread and a gadget tin-opener as well? If so, you're only behaving normally in a market astutely designed to turn your visit into a buying spree.

For example: Bend down at the dairy case for eggs. Suddenly, your eyes come level with jars of fresh fruit salad, or cellophane-wrapped Swiss cheese. You can't resist sliding these delicacies into your basket. Supermarkets rarely make you stoop for impulse items; only for essentials.

You steer round a corner and nearly collide with a red pyramid of tomato ketchup bottles. Hypnotized by the mass display, you take a bottle—even though you may have had no notion of buying ketchup. Self-service shops have found that any item erected into a solid display will sell perhaps ten times faster than the same item set out on regular shelves.

Another strategem is to display luxury items in several different places. Count how many times you see olives on your next visit. You'll find them on the relish shelf, next to the cold meats, among the biscuits, and near the hardware where male shoppers are prone to browse.

Some markets bait the lowest shelves with cereals, biscuits and sweets. When toddlers help themselves, harassed mothers often buy rather than risk tears.

Aisles are sometimes arranged to direct you into sections you didn't intend to visit, tempting you to go on buying.

Meat-selling frequently comes in for special attention. In some supermarkets the chrome rail of the refrigerated meat counter is warmed just enough for you to rest your arms on it in comfort. Relaxing there, you ponder the good

things spread before you and convince yourself that the expensive joints are a sounder investment than the sausages. Steaks and chops are often entwined with green leaves or green plastic ruffling. Green creates an after-image of red in the eye and makes the meat look redder, more appetizing.

"The right colours put women in a buying mood," says Verne Lane, consultant for a Texas chain. Turquoise, yellow and pink are the colours which experts think women like best.

Most supermarkets in other countries are modelled on the American pattern. But American supermarkets have made at least one import: the invisible air curtain, borrowed from a self-service shop in Zurich. Here the front doors are wide open, but a blanket of air jets, hot in winter, cold in summer, separates indoors from out. People pass through freely; draughts, insects and dogs are barred by the mysterious air wall.

As supermarkets grow bigger and more elaborate, the day may come when motorized cars and traffic lights will be necessities. Automatic cash desks are even now in the planning stage, with prices, stamped in irradiated ink, to be read and recorded by an electronic eye as articles move on a conveyor past a special register.

Howard Ketcham, New York designer, envisages tomorrow's supermarket as a winding ramp which you mount by elevator or escalator. Then, travelling downhill, you slip a punch card into a slot each time you pass something you wish to purchase. The purchase slides down rollers to a bin that corresponds with your car's position in the car park. At the exit, a tabulator totals your punch card and automatically bills your bank. You handle neither food nor money.

If such electronic wizardry ever becomes reality, John Logan, president of the National Association of Food Chains in the United States, predicts that the day will follow when an enterprising citizen will make a startling move. Recalling the basic supermarket appeal, he will place some oranges, melons and meat out in full view where customers can touch, squeeze and sniff to their heart's content. And he'll make a fortune!

OFFICIALS VERSUS PROPERTIES

Investigations by the Special Police Establishment have revealed that 19 gazetted and 33 non-gazetted officers of the Government of India were in possession of properties much beyond their means during the period January 1953 to October 1956!

This was stated in a written answer by the Minister for Home Affairs, Mr. B. N. Datar, in reply to Mr. M Valiyulla in the Rajya Sabha, recently.

Mr. Datar said that of these officers, two gazetted officers were convicted and case against one non-gazetted officer was pending on October 31 last. Cases of 49 persons were reported for departmental action. Of them, five were punished, ten exonerated and cases in respect of 34 were pending.

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The Rationalist

THE NEGLECTED MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

The most neglected citizen today is the middle-aged man. Educationists have studied our teenagers; sociologists have surveyed our juvenile deliquents; psychologists have pondered the problems of our middle-aged women and we have even given a thought to our old people—but who cares about the men aged between 40 and 55?

Nobody, apparently—we have left them completely out of the picture. It is a mistake to overlook them because middle-aged men are our most important citizens.

They hold most of the upper-bracket executive positions in industry, own a large share of the country's wealth, run Government departments, provide most of the brainpower for scientific research and academic training, and possess the highest skills in the arts and trades.

They accomplish these things at exactly the time they hit the peak emotional and physical stress years of their lives. Possibly it is because of their achievements that they are overlooked. Everybody feels the middle-aged man has no problems worthy of study.

"Scientists have been forced to neglect the field of study presented by middle-aged men in favour of work in more urgent age groups," Dr. Morven Brown, Director of Social Work at Sydney University said recently.

"We need to know more about people under 20 because they are the people who can be guided and educated. At the other end of the scale old people also present urgent medical and social problems which need study.

"In the case of middle-aged men, although they present an interesting field, their characters and education have been built and their problem is not the kind the sociologists can do much about."

Take a closer look at the middle-aged man and you find he is fighting against pretty nasty odds. Neither his wife, nor his other associates, and certainly not his children, have any idea of the strain under which the poor man is labouring.

For a man the 40th birthday ushers in the age of anxiety, stress and serious doubts about himself. Physically he is way over the hills. In fact he is in the period which medical men term "degenerative."

His waistline is thickening, his arteries are hardening, his blood pressure is probably going up, his eyes are dulling, he is either losing his hair or it is going grey, his skin is wrinkling, his teeth are going or gone.

If he has arthritis the symptoms are beginning to show, if he is ulcer-prone he probably has the ulcer already, digestive disorders begin to appear, diabetes and cancer may be taking their toll, and he is moving toward the killing period for heart disease.

At the same time he is working harder and shouldering greater responsibility in his job, competing with younger men, and is right in the middle of the period when his family makes its greatest demands for money. Often he is drinking too much.

The picture extends beyond the "white-collar" classes. The greatest single problem facing the middle-aged unskilled workers, according to a Government industrial expert, is that they are looking in a "dim dark future of economic uncertainty."

"The unskilled and semi-skilled tradesmen," he says, "are weighed down with responsibi-

lities. They have finished chasing footballs and they have finished chasing women. They don't know how long their job might last. This worry can cause very grave emotional trouble."

This is what some of his colleagues say about the man of 40-plus: The managing director of a departmental store said, "I believe that men in this age group make the best executives.

In my opinion a man is in his prime when he reaches a full mental maturity. Most men have reached this stage by 40. But to be successful, as executives, they must still have a youthful idealism and zest. When they lose that zest they are no longer good executives.

"In general I would say that young men have the zest but they are also inclined to be impulsive and they lack the wisdom and judgment that comes with a little more age.

"A man is moving into his best years for executive work at 40, By 55 he is probably moving out of them—possibly becoming a little inflexible and a little out of touch."

A university professor said that he believes that academic men do their best work after 40.

"Quite often a man in his 30s produces as much as or more than a middle-aged man but it is generally expected that the older man should produce something of real quality. A man in his 30s is usually appointed to a position not on his achievements but on his promise. It is later that he produces his best work."

Physicians and psychiatrists interviewed—argued that middle-aged men probably suffered their greatest physical and emotional damage by failing to make the changes demanded by age.

They frequently fail to admit that they cannot keep up the physical pace of earlier years; or come to terms with the fact they are not likely to achieve their ambition; or adjust to sometimes—radical changes in the home situation—where their children are beginning to leave home and their wives find themselves with more leisure time!

The sum of these facts does not mean, of course, that the moment a man turns 40 he has arrived at the end of the trail.

In the course of his 40 years he has also acquired the intangible qualities that should enable him to cope with the hazards of the second half of his life.

But, "at this age many middle-aged men are plagued with their first doubts about their ability and their health.

To their wives and families they appear independent and self contained. As a result their wives and families tend to neglect them, young people overlook them, adolescents write them off altogether!

"Everybody neglects them and their problems—just at the time they most need sympathy and attention." M.

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CURIOSITY AND DISCONTENT

After years of observing human nature, I have concluded that two qualities make the difference between leaders and men of average performance. They are curiosity and discontent. I have never known an outstanding man who lacked either. And I have never known a man of small achievement who had both. The two belong together. Without discontent, curiosity is merely idle. Without curiosity, discontent is only useless hand-wringing.

Together, these deep human urges count for much more than ambition. Galileo was not merely ambitious when he dropped objects of varying weights from the Leaning Tower at Pisa and timed their fall to the ground. Nor was Jean Henri Fabre when he sat day after day beside ant-hills, studying the difference between instinct and reason. These men, and all men whose names are large in history, were curious and asked, "Why? Why?" And they were discontented because there were no acceptable answers.

A friend of mine has been filled with curiosity and discontent since the age of three, when his father hauled him from beneath a tram where he had crawled to see "what makes the ding-dong run." In the Depression this man and his wife found their clothes wearing thin and their income reduced to $50 a month. To get a new suit for herself, the wife offered to make a suit for a neighbour if the neighbour would buy cloth for two suits. The suits looked fine except for one thing. "A tweed suit should really have some of those lovely wooden buttons," she said. "But who can afford them?"

"Maybe we can't afford them, but I'll bet I can make them," my friend said.

"I found a piece of mahogany that was a nice deep red like the dark tones of the tweed," he told me recently, "and a piece of silver birch that matched the light tones. I glued them together, sawed them into button-size squares, then cut them so that both colours showed."

The proprietor of a dress shop admired the buttons and suggested that my friend show them to some dress manufacturers. In one afternoon he got $87 worth of orders. Today his wood-turning company—he makes buttons, beads, handles, toy parts—is valued at about $250,000!

Fortunately, curiosity and discontent don't have to be learnt. We need only recapture them. Any healthy baby is a squirming, vocal bundle of these two human urges. And as he grows the urges deepen. He wants to get up. He wants to get down. He wants to go out. He pulls things off tables, drags pots, and pans out of cupboards. He floods his parents with a tide of unanswerable questions.

"The great man," said Mencius, the Chinese sage, "is he who does not lose his child's heart." Yet most of us do lose it. We stop asking questions. We stop challenging custom. We drift into keeping step with the crowd.

And the crowd desires only the calm and restful average. It encourages us to occupy our own little corner, to avoid foolish leaps into the dark, to be satisfied.

(To be continued)

ಯಜುರುಪಾಕರ್ಮ ೦—೪—೦.

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MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

Sri B. S. Thandava Murthy writes :

In a democratic set up of the country, City Municipalities and District Boards are the training grounds to produce able administrators from among the Public to put an effective check over the Autocratic Official. But, Alas! what a pity it is after the advent of Independence a commoner is made to feel and think that the Fruit of Independance is meant only a prize of The Ruling Party, and its subservient officers !

In the former days prior to 1947, the Government was supposed to be an irresponsible one not answerable to the Public, but actually in that administration of City Municipality, greater scope and privileges were accorded to Municipal Council, who had in their heart of hearts Service to Public as their Motto, and the Council had its say in all matters and the President had to yield to the wishes of the Council, who had no distinction of this Constituency or the other but the interest of the City as a whole. All acts done were in conformity with the Municipal Acts and Bye-Laws, and the then Government never used to spare even the official President, for acts committed violating the Rules. In those days many in the Council were not so educated as those of the present but very sincere in discharging the trust entrusted to them. The President was a buffer in between Government and Municipality guiding the Council to adopt correct procedures in the administration.

But now things are otherwise, the Motto of service to Public is lost both in the officials and Public Representatives, because of the selfish instinct that has crept in. A few Officers are habituated to dance to the whims and fancies of the Ruling Party in power neglecting totally their legitimate duties and their conscience, to the detriment of Public at large. The City Municipality thought fit to have a Non-Official President as a progressive step towards Democracy and achieved its object. But the desired object in Democracy is proved to be an illusion. It is found that Party System in Government is more dangerous than that of different religions in the country and its frictions to a progressive Nation and Government. Religious friction ends in a particular group but this affects the entire Citizens immaterial of caste or creed in their economic life.

It is a matter of regret to find that the Congress Party in the Mysore Municipal Council, in whose hands the destiny of the Rate Payers rests, though many are highly educated are made to sit mum on several matters affecting Rights and Privileges of a Rate Payer, because of either Party Discipline or afraid of future prospects and career in politics, and have lent their support for a smooth running of the administration. As a result, several individuals have to become victims to the wrath of a mere power-wielding person in the ruling party. Several illegal acts committed by the Autocratic Official is encouraged, and a few who have studied law belonging to the party, though they could protest are afraid of expulsion from the Party and are passive onlookers of misdeeds.

All the other parties in the City Municipality, though possessing men of intelligence, are not united and there is no zeal even to attempt to protest because of their certainty of loosing when the subject is put to vote. A few others rest content with the invitations they get by virtue of being Municipal Councillors, the rest are unable to understand the Bye-Laws and Rules and whether the same is administered in a righteous manner or not. The rest are there because the Rate Payers are asses meant to carry the load. There are several instances wherein the Octroi Superintendent, and Executive Officer usurping the Rights of Court and Magistrates, have penalised Public

CURIOSITY AND DISCONTENT

(*Continued from previous issue.*)

If you will strike out on your own, you may miss a few parties with "the crowd", but you will never be lonely. There are many new friends waiting to talk to you no further off than the local library: Leonardo da Vinci, probably the most curious and discontented man who ever lived; Shakespeare, Newton, Pasteur. Abraham Lincoln will tell you how it felt to see his country split apart. Dickens will introduce you to an England you may have missed. All the truly great will help to arouse your curiosity and discontent anew, so that never again in your life will you think that the world is good enough; never again will you sit idly by while a question remains unanswered that you might find the answer to.

Oh, yes, you can ask these great men questions. Ask stout Samuel Johnson about curiosity . . . "Curiosity is one of the most permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous mind." Ask the newspaper editor Frederick Bonfils . . . "There is no hope for the satisfied man." Then ask Joseph Leidy, the naturalist, if he didn't sometimes get a little tired of it all . . . "Tired? Not so long as there is an undescribed intestinal worm, or the riddle of a fossil bone or a rhizoped new to me."

But the great cannot lead your life for you. You will need a new inventory of your hours, a sharper classification of what is worth doing and what is merely time-killing. You will need to understand that it is often as important to break a good habit as to break a bad one. All habit is suspect. If going to church is nothing more than habit, it may do more to put your soul to sleep than to save it.

Most of us meet new people, and new ideas, reluctantly. But once having met and liked them, we think how terrible it would have been had we missed the chance. You will probably have to force yourself to waken your curiosity and discontent and keep them awake. It may seem like work for a while. But Sir James Barrie will tell you. "Nothing is work unless there is something else you'd rather be doing." And what else could one rather be doing than becoming alive once more?

How should you start? Modestly, so as not to become discouraged. I think of one friend who started making puppets merely to amuse her children and to test her skill. She and her husband now make puppets for television, and their book on puppetry is a recognized authority! Or I think of another who wanted to increase his reading speed, and now reads—and reviews—three novels a day! Or still another who couldn't arrange flowers to satisfy herself. She was curious about how the experts did it. Now she is one of the experts, lecturing and writing books on flower arrangement!

One way to begin is to answer your own excuses.

You haven't any special ability? Most people haven't; there are only a few geniuses. You haven't any time? That's good, because it's always the people with no time who get things done. Harriet Beecher Stowe, mother of six, did not have much time: she wrote parts of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* on sheets of butcher's paper while the joint cooked!

You're too old? You had better not let Winston Churchill, Konrad Adenauer, Bernard Baruch, Robert Frost or Somerset Maugham hear you say that! And if you answer that these people are only continuing what they learned in younger days, remember that Thomas Costain was 57 when he published his first novel, and that Grandma Moses showed her first pictures when she was 78!

The important thing, as Alexander Graham Bell tells you, is "Don't keep for ever on the

(*Continued on page 3.*)

The Rationalist

TO DELHI

For one who cared nothing for Delhi, to have paid eight visits to it in the course of 14 months, is an odd experience indeed. Eight times 3300 miles, going and coming, is more than the circumference of the Earth at the equator, and as good as performing a "Bhoo-pradakshina" or circumambulating the Earth! But the Moon performs it every month!

We went to Delhi last week for a meeting of an Experts' Sub Committee of the Education Ministry. Mysore, Bangalore, Madras, Delhi is a travel of 64 hours, out of which 44 hours are spent in Grand Trunk Express from Madras to Delhi. Wearisome as the journey may be, the motion of the train is exquisitely efficient. It is smooth and gliding like an aeroplane, without the latters' ups and downs to escape the clouds. It is not jerky and jumpy, lugging and laborious, like the Madras-Bangalore or Bangalore-Mysore, or Secunderabad-Bangalore trains.

From Madras to Bezwada the scene presents sheets of green fields or golden corn, alternating with vast expanses of water, spread over areas which could hold a hundred thousand or hundred and fifty thousand assemblage of men, not like the little puddles that one sees on the Mysore side.

The railways are mostly over-crowded with railway employees travelling free with family passes, or military young men going home or returning to duty with free passes. The paying traveller has to squeeze himself, if he can, amidst this promiscuous and monopolistic lot.

Delhi is like any other city in India. It is not impressive, attractive, artistic, or beautiful. There is no royalty, or imperiousness, or gorgeousness about it. It is plebeian, unplanned, and hum-drum, and bereft of engineering skill. The ambition that built the Kutub Minar, the dream that built the Taj Mahal, the Engineering science and skill that had been developed in Ancient India, are nowhere present in Delhi. The Parliament buildings in which alone one sees some pretence of design, are an imitation of the Collesium of Ancient Rome. Mr. Nehru is a poor builder of a City. What he is as a builder of a nation time will show!

Many of the road-names of Delhi are unpleasant and ill-conceived. Aurangzeb Road, Shahjehan Road, Tuglakh Road, Hastings Road, Curzon Road, Cornwallis Road, Queen Victoria Road King Edward Road, Dupleix Road, Clive Road, Albuquerque Road, are absurd and ridiculous in the new set up. They jar on the ears when one hears them. Such of those names as have to be remembered, like Shah Jehan, will be remembered by their relics. They do not become memorable by naming a Delhi road after them. Some of those names as Hastings, Clive, Curzon are anathema to Indians. It is one of the first duties of Mr. Nehru to have them removed.

Karol Bagh is the new residential centre of Delhi. It is not clear whether it is named after King Carol of Rumania or Christmas Carol. Families or singles live in single or double rooms,—at Rs. 50 per room, or in quarter or half flats.

The men dress alike. The women paint and powder, dress and head-dress alike. Sometimes both husband and wife are employed, and go to work riding pinion, the wife on the carrier behind, or on the cross-bar in front.

Or, on the husband going out, the wives preen themselves, and issue in singles, twos or threes, voiled, lip-sticked, biscuit-faced, with hair tied in a big round bundle behind the head and netted, with hand-bag in their hand, possibly containing more lipstick and powder-puff than money. How much of the lips is natural rose-red, and how much of it paint, and how much of the hair-knot is natural hair, and how much cotton-yarn dyed black, God knows. They think that red lips are nice, and that a big bundle behind the head will be taken for long tresses of natural hair, and they prepare them. They go out, possibly for the sun, possibly to purchase odds and ends, possibly to show off their merits and commit man-slaughter! They wander out in the morning, they wander out in the noon, they wander out in the evening, and when the husbands return they both wander out in the night! Some of them take their knitting, and go on knitting in bus queues, and in buses, deft fingers knitting a few seconds, and then counting the stitches before they proceed, knitting God knows what! Dickens writes in his novel on the French Revolution, "The Tale of Two Cities", of a woman who was always knitting, knitting the death-knell of an Aristocrat for each knit! We don't know what the Delhi women knit. Possibly they do it to give exercise to their fingers! Possibly to show that their fingers are agile like snakes' tongues!

The Federal Court Judges are another feature. They are old and feeble, their wives accompany them in the car and see that they get down and mount the steps without mishap. They go up and do their work restfully. There are many cases, and many cases are dismissed, sometimes at the rate of one a minute. And the nation is given the satisfaction of having what is called Justice.

The Parliament House neighbourhood is almost permanently decked with buntings and beflagged: because every week one or two invited or uninvited political heads of one country or another—Mongolian, Caucasian, Patagonian, Negroid, Hunnish—somebody from somewhere—come on visit, and have to be received by the Prime Minister at the airport and embraced with various degrees of warmth, and umptuously feasted and shown around, and got to autograph the panch-sheela document, whatever the document may be worth, and whatever the signature may be worth! When the roads are blocked the poor citizen has to wait and have a fleeting glimpse of the host and guest, and feel proud of the great role India is playing in world politics! The citizen himself,—the so-called sovereign citizen of independent India—sees daily his own independence dwindling, and sees himself increasingly restricted, enslaved, impoverished, and left utterly unprotected and uncared for by the administration! But our Prime Minister is a "world-figure", and we ought to be content to be ants to be trodden under feet!

That is Delhi! May God help us!

Editor.

"HIS LOWNESS"

The Chairman of the Mysore Legislative Council is pleased to direct that in the Rules of Procedure of the Legislative Council, for the words "His Highness The Maharaja" or "Rajpramukh", the word "Governor" shall be substituted.

If a Governor cannot be "His Highness", may we say that he is "His Lowness"? Or is he mid-way between "Highness" and "Lowness"? Or is Government under democracy too lowered and degraded, and too corrupt and unworthy for any idea of sanctity or dignity to be attached to it? When the common man begins to monkey with things, we suppose he out-monkeys monkeys! Ed.

(*Continued from page 2.*)

and merchantmen. The Commissioner, who is a liaison Officer, a buffer in between Municipality and Government, an I.A.S. Officer, has endorsed such illegal Acts. The illiterate and innocent merchantmen, afraid of the threat of prosecution, have been victimised and huge sums have been collected as penalty, under the guise of smuggling of goods evading octroi etc, and the sum so plundered is being shared in between The Municipality and The Superintendent of Octroi, the Magistrate that convicted the Merchantmen.

May I therefore appeal to the Minister concerned, that because of such malpractices in administration, after deep consideration the benign Government thought fit to separate Judiciary from that of the Executive to enable a citizen to get fairplay and justice. The above procedure in the City Municipality annulls the very object of Government. Will it be much if I were to suggest that the Government be pleased to look into the details and punish such officials who have transgressed law and victimised innocent law abiding citizens in a callous manner and caution the Municipal Council to refund such illegal collections made, rather than feast over such plundered amounts shared half and half with an autocratic official. Further, though a provision is made in the Bye-Law Appendix No. 111, page 97, empowering the President, City Municipal Council, under the City municipal Act 58 (t) to give rewards for detecting such case, it is implied, I believe, to the persons other than Officials, who would be aiding to detect such offences. If this procedure to give award is encouraged and power to collect fine and award judgment to punish is entrusted to the cares of an irresponsible official, then the fate of the Public would be sealed and Public are barred to get justice even in the Courts, since he would be the final authority to impound the fine, collect it, and share it also. For instance if such powers are conferred to the police constables, in Government, I believe there would be hundreds of applicants who would be prepared to serve without even basic salary!

I trust that saner counsel would prevail in future at least and the Municipal Council sets an example of true Democracy, rather than make one believe that the Democracy is only "A FOOL'S PARADISE" and put joint efforts in safeguarding the rights and privileges of the Rate-Payers as its paramount duty.

B. S. THANDAVA MURTHY.

(*Continued from page 3.*)

public road. Leave the beaten track occasionally and dive into the woods. You will be certain to find something that you've never seen before. It will be a little thing, but do not ignore it. Follow it up, explore all round it, one discovery will lead to another."

However you start, remember that curiosity and discontent are continuous operations. You don't turn them on and off. You live them, day by day. There is no better time to start than this very minute, for you'll never be more alive than you are at this moment. Treat yourself to a new thought—today. Find yourself one new friend—today.

As Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "Man's mind, stretched to a new idea, never goes back to its original dimensions."

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CORONATION PRESS, MYSORE.

Printed at the Coronation Press, Chamaraja Road, Mysore, and Published by G. R. Josyer

Registered No. M. 4359.

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Proprietor & Editor : G. R. JOSYER, M.A., F.R.E.S.

VOL. XVII No. 10] Monday 17—12—1956 [PRICE 0—1—6.

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A SPENDTHRIFT SAGA

In all the annals of wealth few careers have proved more riotous than the spendthrift saga of "Wild Bill" Ransom. He inherited a million and spent it in a year! He came into another million, and got through that!

Then he inherited several thousand pounds .... and blued the lot chasing thrills—and girls—in all parts of the globe, during the hectic, pleasure-crazy years of the 1920s and '30s.

The bulk of his pocket-money was left him by trust funds of multi-millionaire relatives. First, his great grand-father, one of America's richest men, bequeathed him £1,250,000.

Ransom was then studying at college, so his first act was to buy the college—lock, stock and ... masters! The pupils took the classes, and the unfortunate masters had either to lose their jobs or else take the place of pupils. For three days they were put through gruelling lessons and awkward examinations.

Then the law intervened.

But Ransom was soon used to the law. He bought a fleet of twenty-five powerful racing cars, and held a speed circus which created a sensation even in hard-boiled California. Almost every day he was summoned for speeding. The magistrates imposed the maxium fines, but the few paltry dollars meant nothing to the offender.

Ultimately a sentence of imprisonment was imposed. Ransom, with a bunch of lawyers behind him, took the case to a higher court. They confirmed the sentence. He took the case to the state court .... and once more he lost. Then he threatened to go to the supreme court.

The sentence was never lifted, but it was never carried out.

With every fantastic indiscretion possible Ransom plunged through his fortune. When he wished to stay at the Beverly Arms Hotel —one of the lushest in Hollywood—the place was full. The manager politely refused to allow him a couch in the office.

Calmly Ransom cabled to New York—and bought the hotel!

Then he ordered a gigantic bed to be set up in the principal lounge. There he blissfully slept, paying no heed to the astonished guests!

The next day he gave the Beverly to the manager who had refused him. The manager, from being a poorly-paid employee, became a rich man himself!

Ransom's hectic expenditure knew no limit. He bought 125 suits, three dozens pairs of shoes, twenty hats, three lorry-loads of underclothing and an express train. The train was to be purely and simply his if ever he decided to cross America. It was fitted with shower-baths, steam heating, and even a small swimming pool.

Ransom never used it!

With his usual impetuousness, he decided that he would like to be an actor. He toured the offices of the film and theatrical agents and received polite negatives. Then he got into touch with executives higher up. Money changed hands; and the agents received orders to find work at any cast for the world's greatest spendthrift.

Subsequently he appeared as the star turn in a playlet at a Los Angeles theatre. But though money had purchased him his stardom, it did not save him from being hooted off the stage.

Undeterred, Ransom took everybody else in the programme for a cruise to the West Indies. New York's most popular dance band was engagod for the trip at a cost of £100,000 and a thousand bottles of champagne were stowed away in the hold!

For five weeks the ship cruised through blue waters while the theatrical vagabond aboard held mad carousal. Then, dramatically, a cablegram was sent to "Wild Bill". It announced that, in less than a year, he had got through his million and a quarter!

The ship turned for home, and all the way Ransom ordered the band to play the Funeral March, jazzing it, distorting it, waltzing it, altering it as he wished—but playing it.

Soon afterwards a grandparent died, leaving him a tenth share of his £12,000,000 fortune.

Bill determined to put on the world's greatest stage spectacles, and chose a California girl for his star. Then suddenly he changed his mind. The girl tried to commit suicide on his lawn, the turf of which he had imported from Scotland at a cost of £25,000!

He married an alluring woman, who later charged him with "refined cruelty". Ransom, locking her in a room, staged wild parties; but this time he didn't get away with it. The court ordered him to pay £200,000 damages. His wife's clothes, it was revealed in court, cost £3,000 a week!

Next, Ransom staged dozens of riotous parties in New York, on a fortune left him by an aunt. In the middle of one party he jumped from a skyscraper window—and floated down to earth by parachute. Dressed up as a policeman, he held up the traffic in Broadway. For that he went to prison. While he was behind bars, his secret came out. He had become a drug addict! In 1935 he died of an overdose!

THE PEANUT

Peanuts are becoming more popular. In Paris peanut vendors tour the cafes and sell to smart Parisians. On most American trains peanut boys come through with free samples.

During the war you couldn't get groundnuts, as they are professionally termed. They were being reserved for many things from margerine to high explosives. Now, after ten years, the come back of the humble monkey-nut emphasizes the return to complete normality.

Women dab it on their faces. It's an ingredient of face powder. You grind it under foot. It's in linoleum. You're looking at it now. There's peanut oil in printer's ink. From peanut fibre to axle grease, from suits to soap, the peanut makes itself useful in at least 300 different ways.

One of the first men to salt a peanut, Mike Mitchell, was an invoice clerk who scrunched them surreptitiously under his desk. When he had sufficient savings, he bought five tons, hired three boys to help prepare them, and now roasts 50,000,000 nuts a week!

There are thirty-seven grades peanuts, which grow underground like potatoes. A Bethnal Green family named Meads has been importing peanuts for 120 years, mostly from Kenya and India. Millionaire Amedeo Obici in the U.S.A. started with a steam-whistle and a peanut stand and now owns thirty-six cold storage plants just for peanuts.

George Washington Carver, the Negro scientist who first studied the valuable properties of the peanut, lived to see it no longer scorned as cattle-food, but the focus of a £36,000,000 industry!

The peanut biscuit, however, goes to a man named Wing Planny who balanced a peanut on his nose for seven miles and netted a small fortune. Knowing it was good publicity, a groundnut corporation paid him £100 a mile;

The Rationalist

"YAKSHA-PRASNA"

The Mahabharata is an oil mine, gold mine, diamond mine, and radium mine of worldly wisdom as well as philosophical wisdom. Though the Bhagavadgeeta is reputed as the cream of the Mahabharata, it may be said to be the epitome of the Mahabharata, and not the quintessence of the Mahabharata.

Krishna in the Geeta, speaking of his Divinity observes,

मत्तः परतरं नान्यत्किंचिदस्ति धनंजय ।

"There is nothing whatsoever which is greater than me, other than me, or apart from me." Anjaneya on the other hand, seeking to impress Ravana, remarks,

मद्विशिष्टाश्च तुल्याश्च सन्ति तत्र वनौकसः ।

"There are many in the ranks of Sugreeva greater than me, and many more, equal to me." The Kohinoor is not the only great diamond in the world. The Cullinan diamond, the Hope diamond, and the Victoria, Great Moghul, Tiffany, Star of South Africa, Jubilee, Orloff, and Florentine diamonds are no less impressive and great, though they are less known. So in the Mahabharata the Bhagavadgeeta is not the only unparalleled diamond boulder, but there are others of equally astonishing magnificence!

Recently, glancing through a Canarese book of moral teachings translated from Sanskrit, we came upon a fragment from the Mahabharata called "Yaksha Prashna", and could not help feeling dazzled by its iridiscent grandeur!

Framed as a dialogue, it dealt with such burning and universal questions with such flaming intelligence and astonishing wisdom that its equal could not be found in modern times. Compared with it Nehru's, Chou's, and Ike's statements and interviews are like hen's cackle, or children's prattle.

As a comparison between Dharmaraya, the "prehistoric aborigine", and these modern wiseacres, we thought we would present to the world this magnificent jewel-piece from the treasure-chest of Sanskrit Wisdom.

In fact our extracts from Sanskrit Wisdom for some time past have been read so thankfully and with such high appreciation by men in varied walks of life, that it is hoped to bring them out in a volume, as an eye-opener to English knowing readers the world over, including Indians, who, it must be confessed with shame, are as owl-blind in this respect as any narrow-minded foreigner!

The "Yaksha Prasna" forms the concluding portion of the Vana-Parva in Mahabharata. After Dharmaraya's defeat in the game of dice, the Pandavas are banished for 12 years to the wilderness. They bear the hardship of that life nobly, and one noon, tired and thirsty, they rest underneath a tree, and Dharmaraya asks Sahadeva to seek some water and fetch it. Sahadeva goes out, and shortly finds a lake and approaches it. As he bends to touch the water, an unseen voice cries out,—like Nasser over the Suez,—"I am the sovereign of this lake. You should not touch its water unless you answer my questions." Heedless, Sahadeva drank the water, and the next moment fell down senseless!

Time passed, and when Sahadeva did not return, Dharmaraya sent Nakula toseek him. Nakula found the lake and Sahadeva, and, puzzled, approached the water. The unseen voice cried out again the same warning as before. But heedless, Nakula drinks the water and falls unconscious.

Then Arjuna, comes in search, and follows the fate of his younger brothers. Then Bheema comes, and he also falls a victim like his brothers.

After a while great Dharmaraya, anxious and amazed, himself goes out, and nearing the lake sees his valiant brothers fallen like great uprooted trees. He is staggered by the sight, and approaching the bodies, tears rolling down his cheeks, he addresses unconscious Bhima, "You promised to destroy Ayodhana with your giant club in battle. You were the great-souled magnificent stalwart of the Kuru race. In your death all my hopes have vanished. They say that the promises of earthly men are often ill-kept. But you were divine born, and your words have proved futile!"

Turning to the handsome and valorous figure of Arjuna, he moaned, "At your birth they extolled you as no different from Indra. During our wanderings all beings declared that you would restore the lost kingdom of our fathers, that no one on earth would conquer you. All that has proved a wild tale!"

He approached the water to wash his hands and feet, and pray to God, when he heard the invisible voice hail him; "I am a heron ruling over this lake. I have caused the end of your brothers. If you do not answer my questions before you touch the water, you also will join them."

Dharmaraya looks around and answers.

"You cannot be a mere heron of the lake. If you my heroic brothers have been killed. You must be some one great in the heavenly hierarchy. I have no wish to touch the water of your lake. But tell me who you are, and why you have killed my brothers."

The voice replied, "I am a Yaksha, or supernatural being. I rule this lake, and ask questions of those who seek to use it. Those who defy me perish!" Dharmaraya said, "Accept my obeisance. I cannot say that I shall be able to answer your questions. But I shall try to do so as best I can. State your questions."

Yaksha: "What causes the motion of the Sun? Who occupy his environs? Who causes him to disappear? Who forms his support?"

Dharmaraya: "The Creator causes the Sun's motion. The heavenly beings occupy his environs. Dharma or universal righteousness causes his setting. His support is Satya or the great Law of Nature."

Yaksha: "What constitutes orthodoxy? By what does one attain greatness? By what does he attain the second self? What makes him attain Wisdom?"

Dharmaraya: The Vedic lore makes one orthodox. By asceticism one becomes great. By penance he attains the second self. He becomes wise by consorting with the elderly.

Yaksha: What makes Brahmans spiritually great? What are the attributes of good men? What constitutes humanity? What are the signs of wickedness?

Dharmaraya: Devotion to their religious studies makes them spiritually great. Asceticism makes them good. Death makes them out to be human. Slander renders them vile.

Yaksha: What is best for those who offer oblations to Gods? What is best for those who offer oblations to ancestors? What is best for those who seek prosperity? What is best for those who procreate?

Dharmaraya: Rains are best for those who please the Gods. Corn is best for those who please ancestors. Cattle wealth is best for worldly prosperity. And sons are best for those who seek to procreate.

Yaksha: What man, in possession of his senses, intelligent, universally respected, popular among men, is dead though living?

Dharmaraya: He who does not seek, to please the Gods, his ancestors, his attendants,

and mendicants, and does not seek to enjoy what he has, is as good as dead.

Yaksha: What is greater than the earth? What is loftier than the sky? What is swifter than the wind? What is more multitudinous than grass?

Dharmaraya: Mother is greater than the earth. Father is loftier than the sky. Mind is swifter than the wind. And worry is more multitudinous than grass.

G. R. Josyer.

(To be continued)

WORDS TO REMEMBER

"I have saved myself a great deal of trouble," a friend once told me, "by always following this precept: When you have anything to do, do it." —SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

The great thing with work is to be on top of it, not constantly chasing after it.

—Dorothy Thompson.

We are tired by the work we do not do, not by what we do. —FLORENCE BRILLHUTT.

During a very busy life I have often been asked, "How did you manage to do it all?" The answer is simple: Because I did everything promptly. —SIR RICHARD TANGYE.

I try not to put off unpleasant decisions or actions. My secretary is instructed to pile all the bad news on top of the morning post. And if there is a difficult thing to be done it gets priority. That way the first half hour of the day is often spoilt—but the rest of the day isn't. —BRUCE BARTON.

Indecision is fatal. It is better to make a wrong decision than build up a habit of indecision. If you're wallowing in indecision, you certainly can't act—and action is the basis of success. —MARIE BEYNON RAY.

Life leaps like a geyser for those who drill through the rock of inertia.

—Allexis Carrel.

SINFUL WASTERS!

A check-up at the proper quarters shows that a senior Cabinet Minister has consumed electricity and water worth Rs. 853-12-0 in two months! This staggering bill has prompted a Superintendent in the Estate Office to remark that they might as well save some switches by fixing every connection permanently on throughout day and night in the Cabinet Ministers' bungalows.

The above-mentioned bill has been piled up by Maulana Azad at 4, King Edward Road. His colleagues are not far behind him in the race for consumption of electricity.

Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri, who has resigned as Railway Minister, is a close second, with a bill for Rs. 573 for the same period of two months.

The Minister for Communications, Mr. Jagjivan Ram, has run up a bill for Rs. 438-3-0.

As in everything else, the Defence Minister Dr. K. N. Katju is rather slow. Immersed more in puja and things like that, Dr. Katju must be burning more incense than electricity. Even then he has piled up a bill for Rs. 381-11-0.

These bills in themselves are trifling, but in the context of India's economy, which is still in what the Prime Minister called the Cow Dung Age, they certainly present problems to Financial Advisers, who resent such personal expenses at State cost, but feel themselves in too delicate position to draw attention to it.

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CORONATION PRESS, MYSORE

Printed at the Coronation Press, Chamaraja Road, Mysore. and Published by G. R. Josyer.

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LAUGHTER

Had a good laugh lately? If so, you ought to be feeling pretty fit. Laughter is not only a fine tonic, but it's also a life-lengthener according to an expert who has conducted exhaustive research into the value of laughter.

So serious is a Paris professor about this laughter business that he has been giving lessons on how to laugh. First he gets his "pupil"—mainly tired business men and women—to relax. Then he places a laughing record on a gramophone, and soon everybody is laughing!

If people would only exchange more jokes and have more fun in all they do, misunderstandings would vanish from the world, thinks Mr. George Lewis, chief of America's National Laughter Foundation.

What is laughter? Take a deep breath and read this ancient technical description: "It's a spasmodic movement of various muscles of the body beginning with those which half close the eyes and those which draw backwards and upwards the sides of the mouth and then open it to expose the teeth, next affecting those of respiration so as to produce short, rapidly succeeding expirations accompanied by sound. ....!" So now you know!

A small outcaste tribe of Ceylon, known as the Veddes, never laugh. When asked why, they reply: "What is there to laugh at?"

A sum of £1,000 was once offered to anybody who could make a certain woman laugh. Hundreds of people tried by vainly cracking jokes. She listened with a serious face to leading New York comedians wisecracking—and never even smiled!

Nobody won the prize. The reason? Because she was incapable of laughter. Her facial muscles had been paralysed ever since she was a girl!

POSSIBLE

During a trial in the country some years ago, the judge asked a witness: "Do you have any brothers or sisters?"

"No, my only sister died 150 years ago."

The judge looked incredulous. "That's not possible."

"On the contrary," said the witness. "At the age of 20 my father married and had a daughter. She died in infancy. When my father was 72 he became a widower. He married again. Four years later I was born, and and I am now 94!"

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VACCINATION

The eyelashes of Lady Mary Wortley Montgu were so long they became the toast of eighteenth-century London. Then she went down with smallpox. When she recovered no one dared hand her a mirror, for the lovely lashes had completely disappeared, leaving her large eyes red-rimmed and naked!

It was a great blow to her vanity, especially as her marriage was already a failure. Edward, her husband, was so mean that it was said he lived like a miser in order to die a millionaire! Theirs had been one of the strangest courtships on record For nine years they conducted their love affairs through the post, with Edward blowing first hot and then cold. Finally, they eloped in such a hurry that Mary had only time to pack a nightgown!

Edward was made Ambassador to Turkey, and Mary went with him. Intoxicated with the lure of the East, she soon took to wearing Turkish dress, complete with trousers, in public, much to Edward's annoyance.

One of her first visits was to the *hamman* or Turkish baths. There, reclining on marble couches, she saw a bevy of beautiful women sipping sherbet. Soon Lady Mary had undressed and bathed with them. Edward strongly disapproved of her adoption of Oriental habits, but she ignored him. Only one thing worried her; a dread lest her three-year-old son should contact smallpox.

Since her own disfigurement she had a morbid fear of the disease.

She noticed that smallpox marks, then so common in England, were non-existent in that part of Turkey.

She inquired the reason. Every autumn, she learned, old women appeared in the harems carrying with them walnut shells containing matter from smallpox scabs.

This they injected into the arm by means of opening a vein and inserting a minute quantity. The wound would then be bound up and covered with the empty walnut shells. This had been going on for years and no one in Turkey had died of the infection of these injections.

Lady Mary saw this Turkish practice when she visited a harem. Two huge Negro eunuchs escorted her to the pavilion where the enchanting favourite, Fatima, lay on a cushioned divan, surrounded by her bejewelled ladies.

Hospitably they plied her with Turkish delight and other sweet-meats. Then she was taken to watch the "engrafting" ceremony. First came the old women with their walnuts, and then the girls of the harem, laughing and chattering, lined up to bare their arms for the "operation."

Mary was so impressed she decided to have her precious small son inoculated. Young Edward took it well, but a storm of protest broke out in London when it was reported that she had imperilled her son's life.

Her husband was not a success in Turkey and was recalled after six months. Lady Mary returned to England with some of the secret walnuts in her luggage. She found that everyone was up in arms against her "barbaric" act to her son. People booed her in the streets, persons denounced her from the pulpits, and doctors were scandalized!

Mary was a clever woman and not easily daunted. She persuaded the new young King George II to give his consent for six prisoners already under sentence of death to be inoculated. The operations were so successful that the Princess of Wales had her two young daughters, the Princess Amelia and Caroline, inoculated.

Public opinion soon changed after that. Lady Mary's visit to a Turkish harem marked a great advance in Western medical science and millions of lives were saved.

* * *

Turkey had got it from India.

The Rationalist

"YAKSHA-PRASNA"

II

Yaksha, "What sleeps with open eye-lids? What is born without motion? What has no heart? What gathers bulk by its speed?

Dharmaraya: The fish sleeps without closing eye-lids. The egg is born without motion. Marble has no heart. The river gathers bulk as it speeds.

Yaksha: Who is friend to the traveller? Who is friend to the man at home? What is friend to the sick one? What is friend to the dying?

Dharmaraya: The traveller's friend is the fellow-traveller. Wife is the friend of the man at home. Physicion is the friend of the sick one. Charity is the friend of the dying.

Yaksha: Who is guest to all beings? What is the Eternal Code of Conduct? What is Amrita or nectar? What is this whole universe?

Dharmaraya: The fire is the guest of every being. The Eternal Religion is Amrita or nectar. The whole universe is air.

Yaksha: Who wanders singly? Who born is born again? What is the cure for snow? What is the best field for sowing?

Dharmaraya: The Sun wanders singly. The moon is reborn again and again. The fire is the cure for snow. The earth is the best field for sowing.

Yaksha: What is the highest means of virtue? What is the highest means of fame? What is the best means to Heaven? What is the highest means of happiness?

Dharmaraya: Capability is the highest means of Dharma. Charity is the highest means of fame. Probity is the highest means of Heaven. Righteous conduct is the highest means of happiness.

Yaksha: What is the soul of man? Who is a God-given friend? What is his means of living? What is his final goal?

Dharmaraya: Son is the soul of a man. Wife is his God-given friend. Rain is his means of living. Charity is his final goal.

Yaksha: What is best for the rich? What is the best kind of profit? What is the best form of wealth? What is the best kind of happiness?

Dharmaraya: The best form of riches is capability. The best form of wealth is learning. The best kind of profit is health. The best kind of happiness is contentment.

Yaksha: Which Dharma is the highest in the world? Which dharma is always fruitful? By controlling which does one never grieve? What contact remains steadfast?

Dharmaraya: Kindness is the highest *dharma*. The Vedic practice is always fruitful. By restraint of mind one never grieves. Contact with the good never wanes.

Yaksha: By forsaking what does one become lovable? By forsaking what does one not grieve? By forsaking what does one gain riches? By forsaking what does one become happy?

Dharmaraya: By forsaking self-conceit one becmes lovable. By forsaking anger one does not grieve. By forsaking lust one gains wealth. By forsaking greed one attains happiness.

Yaksha: Why give charity to Brahmans? Why give charity to musicians and artistes? Why give gifts to one's servants? Why pay tribute to kings and Governments?

Dharmaraya: Charity to Brahmans is for *Dharma*. Charity to artistes is for fame. Gifts to servants is to enrich them. Tributes to kings and Governments is from fear.

Yaksha: By what is the world encompassed? What makes it obscure? Why does one lose friends? How does one lose Heaven?

Dharmaraya: The world is encompassed by ignorance. Darkness makes it obscure. Greed causes loss of friends. By too much attachment to worldly things one loses Heaven.

Yaksha: When is a man dead? When does a State become dead? When does an ancestral ceremonial become futile? When does a sacrifice become worthless?

Dharmaraya: A poor man is dead. An anarchic country is dead. An irreligious ceremony is futile. A sacrifice without presents is worthless.

Yaksha: What is meditation? What is penance? What is forbearance? What is modesty?

Dharmaraya: Meditation is pursuit of one's own religious precepts. Penance is control of one's mind. Forbearance is equable acceptance of unpleasant experiences. Modesty is shrinking from wrong actions.

Yaksha: What is knowledge? What is self-restraint? What is kindness? What is rectitude?

Dharmaraya: Knowledge is understanding universal truths. Self-restraint is absence of passions. Rectitude is pursuit of right conduct.

Yaksha: Which enemy is unconquerable? Which disease is endless? Who is a good man? Who is a bad one?

Dharmaraya: Unconquerable is an overbearing enemy. Greed is an endless disease. The man of universal kindness is a good man. The hard-hearted person is a bad man.

G. R. Josyer.

(To be continued)

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उत्सवसंग्रहः पाञ्चरात्रागमानुसारि. Vol I ५.

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